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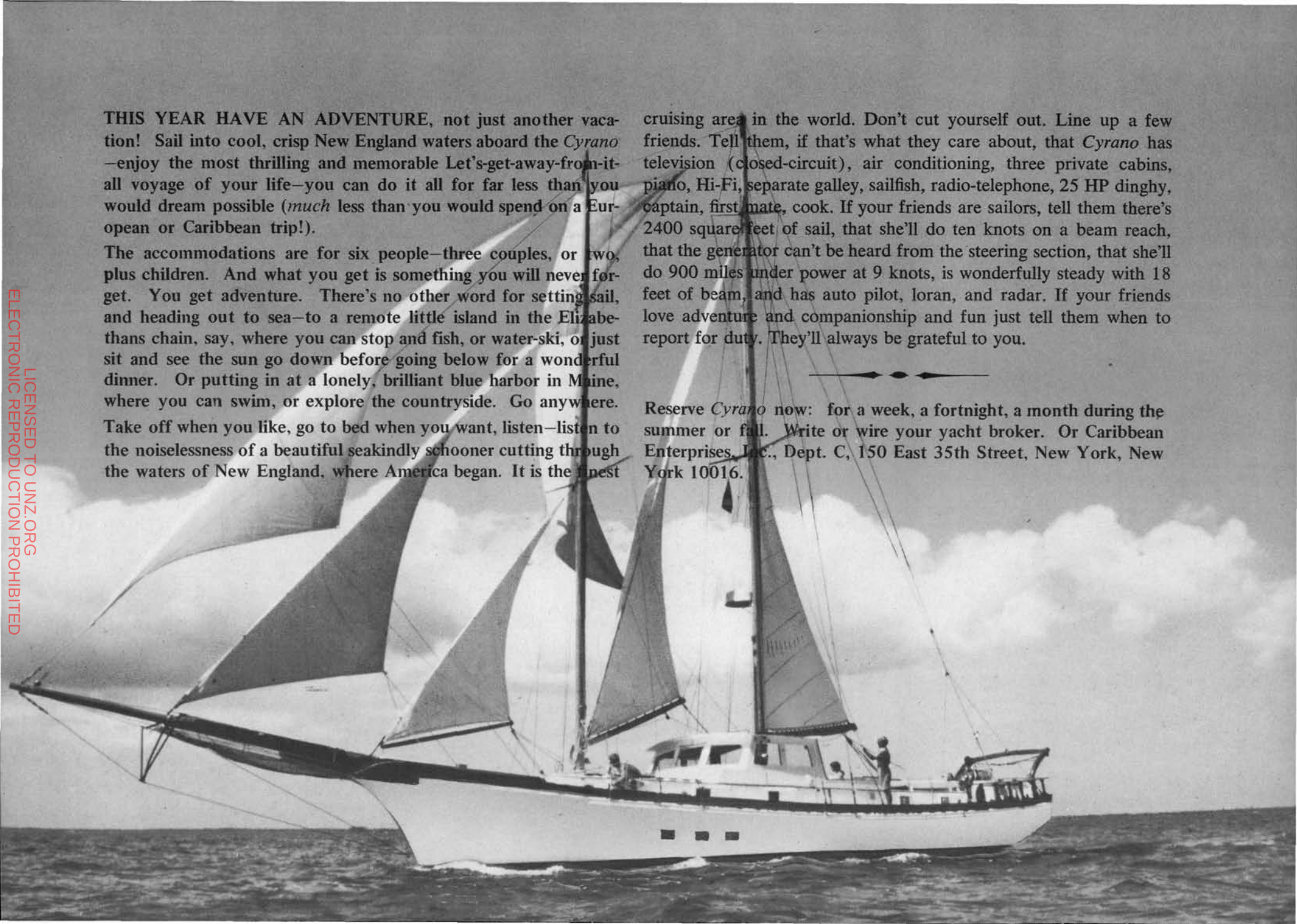

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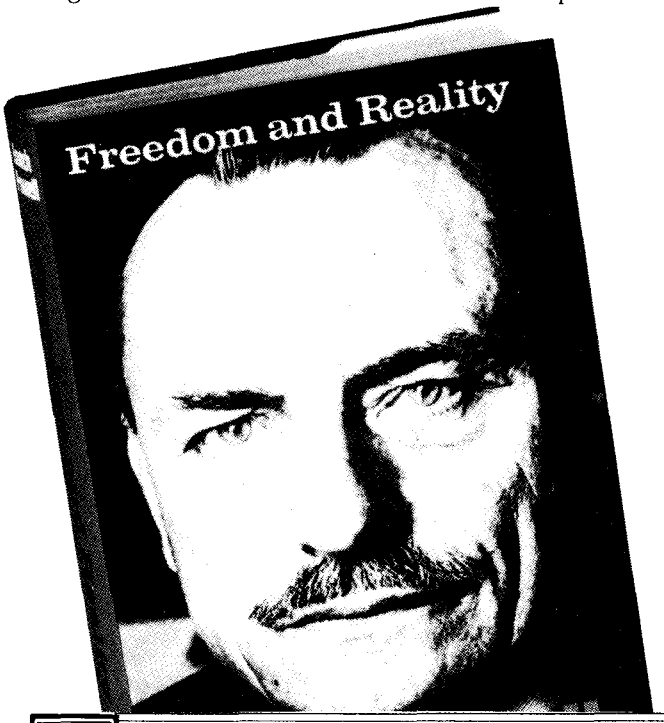

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXII NO. 25 JUNE 30, 1970

656 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

654 For the Record
655 Letters
665 Letter from Washington *by Cato*
666 The Protracted Conflict *by James Burnham*
667 If Not Thieu, Who? *by Gerry Kirk*
670 Notes from a Jewish Diary *by Nathan Perlmutter*
675 The Economy *by Henry Hazlitt*
676 Letter from Bonn *by Norbert Muhlen*
678 Missing Element in the Debate *by Christopher Emmet*
680 Rock *by Tom McSloy*
682 The Open Question *by Frank S. Meyer*
683 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
696 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
698 Trans-O-Gram

684 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**

Academia in Anarchy reviewed by William Breit ☐ David Brudnoy on Tyrmand's *Notebooks of a Dilettante* ☐ Congressman Philip Crane discusses *Smoke Filled Rooms* ☐ George F. Will manages Joe Flaherty ☐ Aram Bakshian Jr. on *Voltaire* ☐ John Cage is dissected by William F. Rickenbacker

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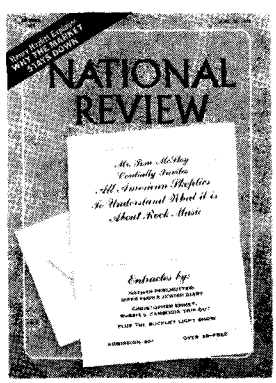
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Tom McSloy** defends the music of the Now Generation, suggesting that it's rather fun and has a point to make. Anyhow, we've come a long way from *yip yip yip yip yip yip yip yip*, *moo moo moo moo moo moo moo moo*. Mr. McSloy, having finished his stint in the Air Force, is attending graduate school. . . . **Nathan Perlmutter**, late of the ADL and the American Jewish Committee, now of Brandeis University, ("I have volunteered for front-line action"), offers a bag of anecdotes and meditations of "an unreconstructed middle-class, middle-aged, liberal Jew—estates all currently under seige." . . . If not Thieu, who? Anybody, anybody at all, say America's liberals; **Gerry Kirk** examines the alternatives they offer and finds them sadly wanting. Mr. Kirk says: "I am a graduate of Yale and the Great Depression—a Connecticut Democrat who voted the straight New Deal ticket from 1928 to 1968, when I decided to vote *against* whichever Presidential candidate the *New York Times* came out *for*—a switch for which I am increasingly grateful." . . . Along with the newcomers, we welcome three old friends: Economist **Henry Hazlitt**, with a list of reasons why the stock market is doing belly-whoppers; **Norbert Muhlen** with a letter from Bonn about Willy Brandt's dangerous *Ostpolitik*; and **Christopher Emmet** with a key question: Why do our leaders, in discussing the war in Indochina, keep pretending that the Soviet Union isn't a factor?



■ Lots of new blood in our book section: **William Breit**, professor of economics at the University of Virginia, discusses an important book on the vulnerability of the American campus. . . . **Philip M. Crane** is a former history professor now representing Illinois' Thirteenth District in Congress. . . . The inside story of Norman Mailer's race for mayor of New York disappoints Washington politics-watcher **George F. Will,** whom *NR* readers will remember for his analysis of the Wallace phenomena in our April 8, 1969 issue. . . . The eighteenth century is but one of **Aram Bakshian Jr.**'s interests. He has worked as a congressional aide, television and radio producer, and speechwriter, has had several articles published in scholarly journals, is editor of *Vedette*, journal of the National Capital Military Collectors Association, and is at work on a book about eighteenth-century adventurers and soldiers of fortune. . . . **David Brudnoy**, who teaches history at Northeastern University, reviews a new book by Leopold Tyrmand, the Polish journalist who fled to America to escape Marxist terror and found—among other things—Marxist terror. . . . And **William F. Rickenbacker** listens to some recordings of music by a darling of the avant garde. *Yip, yip yip yip. . . .*

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Voices of sanity: Democratic Majority leader **Mike Mansfield** was not at all surprised by the unceremonious firing of anti-Administration Education Commissioner Dr. **James Allen**. "I think the Commissioner has been sort of leading up to it," Mansfield said. "He left the Administration no choice." . . . Another prominent Democrat, Sen. **William Proxmire**, surprised commencement class at Milton College (Wis.) by praising Nixon: "The President is a decent and intelligent man. He is doing his honest best to end the Vietnam war as swiftly as he can." Particularly valiant of Proxmire since he faces hard fight in the fall, needs all the help he can get from Big Moneybags on the Peacenik Left. . . . Still shattered, Sen. **Birch Bayh** at reception he got at Indianapolis 500. When Bayh was introduced he was loudly booed, the boos following his car as it made the circuit. . . . Homestaters reportedly bitter at Bayh for spearheading fight against both **Haynsworth** and **Carswell**. . . . Also in bad odor back home, Sen. **Charles Percy** (R., Ill.) who has lost the support of influential *Rockford* (Ill.) *Sunday Register-Sun*, an early Percy backer. *Register-Sun* has withdrawn its support because of Percy's failure to support Nixon Administration; suggests he switch parties.

■ Look for fewer antiwar demonstrations and riots in future. They're out, according to various leftist sources. At **New Mobe** meeting in Atlanta all parties agreed not to take to the streets again. Said San Francisco delegate **Louise Lovett**, according to *People's World*: "Mass demonstrations have outlived their usefulness at this time." . . . At same meeting, *Militant* reports Prof. **Douglas Dowd** of Cornell went further: "Marches and rallies are no longer in order," he said. "We must gum up the works. . . . We can shut down this country." Dowd did not elaborate. . . . It was Sen. **Carl Curtis** (R., Neb.) who uncovered fact that a couple of New Mobeites (**Sam Brown**, **David Hawk**—lovely name that, for a dove) had sent out a peace appeal signed by them under Sen. **Mark Hatfield**'s franking privileges. Hatfield, when he heard it, coughed up the $2,175 the mailing had cost. Now it's revealed that a series of telegrams (450 of them) urging various peace groups to support Cooper-Church amendment signed by Sens. **Hatfield**, **Goodell** (R.), **Cranston**, **McGovern** and **Hughes** went, among other addressees, to **Irving Sarnoff** of Los Angeles Peace Action Council. Sarnoff, a sometime Communist (identified as such in HUAC testimony, April 3, 1959), refuses to say whether he is a Communist now, admits that his group works with the CP of Southern California. . . . Also in hot water: **Evans** and **Novak** on story they printed that **David Keene**, YAF National Chairman, had urged President Nixon to muzzle **Spiro Agnew**. Upon further investigation, Evans and Novak concluded their informant had been wrong, printed a gentlemanly retraction. . . . Rep. **Bob Wilson** (R., Cal.) asking why Committee of Liaison (with Hanoi) hasn't been made to register as agent of a foreign government. The Committee, headed by **Dave Dellinger** and Mrs. **Cora Weiss** (of Women Strike for Peace), has acted as conduit for mail between American POWs and their families. Some wives of captured fliers are refusing to accept Committee-transmitted mail from their husbands on ground that strings attached—that they join in and propagandize for peace movement—are not acceptable.

Adamson, *London Sunday Telegraph*
Ben Roth Agency

■ It's anniversary time—ten years from independence for the former Belgian Congo, and Gen. **Mobutu** has invited a couple of guests—King **Baudouin** and Queen **Fabiola** of Belgium. . . . Mobutu, more pro-West than many new African leaders, recently expelled four Soviet diplomats for "subversive activities." . . . General **Gowon** of Nigeria called press conference to deny reports that the powerful Nigerian army, still at nearly full strength, will be used to help various African liberation projects. Not true, says the General.

■ Rather fun: A bored official conducting spot check of every thirtieth arrival at **Edinburgh** airport the first week in June asked one incoming traveler how long his firm had been in business? A.: Since the time of **Benjamin Disraeli**. Q.: What is your final destination in the United Kingdom? A.: No. 10 Downing Street. The thirtieth man was Tory leader **Edward Heath**.

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LETTERS

The Hair Affair

While reading Nicholas Yermakov's "Hairy Tale" [June 2], the thought occurred to me that this young crusader is missing his greatest opportunities while wasting his time provoking criticism from the "Silent Majority."

His efforts would find far greater fulfillment if he would have his hair cut very short, don a gray business suit with white shirt and black tie, and attempt to mingle casually with the inhabitants of various New Left meeting places or hippie havens. Then his nonconformity crusade would attract more than mere disapproving glances. Perhaps he could even enjoy martydom for his courageous stand regarding attire!

Or, he could join the Army and insist on wearing a Navy uniform. That might do it, too.

Green Cove Springs, Fla. FRANK D. ALBRO

Take heart! For every middle-aged conservative you surprise, you have opened a mind.

I too equated long hair and jeans with revolt and protest. But my son has convinced me that his hair and attire have given him more opportunity to be heard in groups where the conservative point of view would otherwise never be presented. His ability to identify with fellow students of the opposite political persuasion because of his appearance, has enabled him to establish a rapport that otherwise may never have been possible.

Convent Station, N.J. MARJORIE REINHARD

My hair is "conservatively" cut and my face clean shaven, but I agree with Nicholas Yermakov. Why *must* everyone look like the stereotype Fifth Avenue businessman to be accepted by the Right?

It's not what's on top of the head that counts; it's what's in the head that matters. I hope your readers will take Mr. Yermakov's message to heart and listen before attacking the next longhair. There might be another Barry Goldwater under those curls.

Godfrey, Ill. JOHN BOLAND

The Noble American

Much as I appreciate the general attitude of *NR*, I feel compelled to react against your editorial of June 16 on Israel.

Your premise, that the United States ought to act in accordance with its national interest alone, is formally correct, but fallacious as viewed against a wider background. Indeed, in international as well as in interpersonal relationships, there is such a thing as noblesse oblige. Under lawless conditions, anyone who is strong enough to keep the hoodlums down is under a moral obligation to do so. This principle, at least as old as the Pax Romana, was implicitly recognized by Britain in the past century, and Americans from Theodore Roosevelt onward have generally honored it in deeds though not always in words.

In this age of drug addiction and campus turmoil, it may be hard for this country to visualize itself as an international policeman. Yet, in a very real sense it still is—as shown by the entire Indochina affair—and *NR* has generally applauded actions taken in this direction.

Who then are the hoodlums? There can be no worse international crime than that of a country arming and training bands of murderers, kidnapers and arsonists, and sending them across borders to there practice their skills. This is what Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Albania at one time did to Greece; Cuba to several Latin American countries, the Sudanese to the Congo, North Korea to South Korea, North Vietnam to South Vietnam, and now various Arab countries to Israel. When the United States reacted against the offending nations, it did so not as a result of weighing the immediately predictable gains and losses, but out of a recognition—however dim and implicit—of the principle of noblesse oblige. The latter remains valid today for this country, in spite of all. This is the compelling reason why this country should now stand by Israel in its crisis.

Amherst, Mass. MOGENS V. HERMANN

The Ecodilemma

Nicholas King's fine article on environment ["Do We Want Environment?" June 2] is particularly applicable to Louisiana.

Secretary Hickel finally compelled the Chevron Oil Company to shut down its leaking offshore well, which was polluting our only recreation beach and destroying our fishing industry. Now, our politicians threaten us daily with such statements as "the oil industry pays one-third of all taxes in Louisiana."

Mr. King may have intended his last question, "What does the Mafia think or care about environment?" as a joke, but believe me, it's no joke in Louisiana. In this state, the Mafia probably *will* decide whether anything is done about pollution.

Baton Rouge, La. MRS. C. W. HENDERSON

From the Sahara of Bozart

Out here in America's Heartland amongst the gently bellowing hoofers it disturbs us at times that the journalists beyond the Appalachians are threatening the politicalization of everything—produce, women, everything. But William F. Rickenbacker in your June 2 issue shows us that a writer from the far side of the mountains can still save for us Lipatti. Mr. Rickenbacker not only preserved him from politicalization—even as Lipatti perserved his music from egoism—but wrote about him as sensitively and delicately as Lipatti performed Chopin. Bravo! Bravo! And may we ask of NATIONAL REVIEW an encore from this virtuoso? Rickenbacker that is.

Bloomington, Ind. R. E. TYRRELL JR.

For Rickenbacker in a feistier mood, see page 690. —ED.

Goon Squads

The disruption squads at Brooklyn College ["The Week," June 2] are not without parallel elsewhere. When the president of Jersey City State College, Dr. James H. Mullen, announced an illegal holiday period earlier this month, I announced in turn that I would hold all my classes, and even succeeded in getting a small notice to that effect in the *Jersey Journal*, an alleged newspaper of Jersey City, which gave great notice to Dr. Mullen's statement.

I was soon visited by disruption agents, whom I threw out, sometimes singly and sometimes in pairs. My reports of these activities were cold-shouldered by the *Journal*, which was now featuring Dr. Mullen's letter to President Nixon deploring the killing of Communists in Indochina. Of course, the *Journal* refused to report my own letter to the President disagreeing on all points with Dr. Mullen. Rest assured, however, that disrupters will continue to be thrown out to the limits of my human endurance.

Jersey City, N.J. GEORGE F. MONAHAN

Medical Monopoly

Change a few nouns and Prof. Milton Friedman's pithy comments about the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967 [May 19] are equally applicable to federal medical legislation.

Surely no one can deny that the Federal Government became a monopoly supplier of medical care for the aged; that the federal law lumped the rich, the well-to-do and the poor together in a medical poverty program; that the most objectionable feature of this all-or-none medical program—to both the doctors and taxpayers—is the

(Continues on page 695)

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THE WEEK

■ All is not quite lost. The Arkansas Young Republican League (which the Arkansas Republican Party has to disavow every five or ten minutes), meeting in solemn conclave, passed resolutions supporting the Cooper-Church Amendment on American troops in Cambodia, demanding that President Nixon dump Spiro Agnew in 1972, condemning the "Southern strategy" and the nominations of Haynsworth and Carswell, calling for repeal of censorship and laws against homosexual acts, and demanding immediate legalization of gambling, abortion and marijuana. The meeting defeated resolutions to legalize prostitution and to praise Senator J. William Fulbright.

■ Very, very quietly, Senator Eugene McCarthy has introduced the Adequate Income Act of 1970, which would give a family of four a guaranteed income of $5,500—without work requirements. A McCarthy aide says the Senator has no idea how much the program would cost or where the money would come from; Labor Department officials estimate it would cost the taxpayers $7 billion a year and would put "nearly half the country" on welfare. It's interesting that Senator McCarthy's bill embodies the program of the super-militant National Welfare Rights Organization (motto: "Fifty-five hundred or fight!").

■ Senator Thomas Dodd's surprising announcement that he would not compete for the Democratic renomination is bad news for the anti-Communist community. Just by way of example, Senator Dodd was the only Connecticut Democrat in Congress to back President Nixon's sortie into Cambodia. What happened, of course, is Mr. Dodd has labored under the strain of the bill of attainder voted against him a few years ago, at the prodding of the late Drew Pearson and his fellow-conspirators. The Dodd-can't-win virus was planted, and spread. During the late spring the Senator was hospitalized, and his opponents took the opportunity thoroughly to undermine his position at the forthcoming Democratic convention where, he found on leaving the hospital, he very probably did not have even the 20 per cent of the delegates needed to enter him in a primary fight. The Dodd-can't-win movement is particularly mystifying since as recently as the week after his withdrawal, a local poll published in New Milford, Connecticut confirmed what other polls have steadily insisted on, namely that Dodd's strength with the voters exceeds the strength combined of the three principal contenders for the Democratic nomination. Senator Dodd is thinking about a third-party race. Connecticut has never been particularly hospitable to third parties. On the other hand, no incumbent senator, or for that matter no official elected statewide, has ever run on a third-party ticket, and the atomization of the parties isn't something that necessarily benefits the radicals, is it?

■ Robert Strausz-Hupé is the learned and eloquent scholar, coauthor of *Protracted Conflict*, who was appointed ambassador to Morocco by President Nixon shortly after his inauguration. But Senator Fulbright didn't like Mr. Strausz-Hupé, because the Senator thinks him an unreconstructed cold-warrior. So a deal was made: Mr. Nixon would withdraw the nomination to relatively unimportant Morocco, and send Strausz-Hupé, instead, to remote, pacific Ceylon. So off he went, to arrive in Ceylon only a few weeks before this madwoman, Mrs. Bandaranaike, was voted back in, in an upset victory. It is as if Ivan the Terrible, having been ousted by an afflicted people, were five years later conscripted back into office. Let us hope that Mrs. Bandaranaike, who celebrated her victory by recognizing North Vietnam, has mellowed a little—enough, say, to cut down on the repressive, near dictatorial methods to which she had become accustomed in the final years of her last reign. But then of course, what better American representative to Ceylon at the present juncture, than the author of *Protracted Conflict?*

■ The issue in the West German state elections last week boiled down to: approval or disapproval of Chancellor Willy Brandt's overtures to East Germany and to the Soviet bloc (see also p. 676 for Norbert Muhlen's analysis in depth). What happened was clear. In two of the three states, the Free Democratic Party, which is the very junior partner in the present Social Democratic-FDP ruling coalition, was knocked out. It got less than 5 per cent of the vote which means, under German law, that it has lost all representation in the state parliaments of Saarland and Lower Saxony; it squeaked through in North Rhine-Westphalia by getting 5.5 per cent of the votes. This doesn't mean that Willy Brandt will have to resign. But it does mean that the people of three very populous West German states have warned: go slow, much slower than you have been going. And it means that there may be defections among the right-wing of the FDP in the central Bundestag. It was only by virtue of the thirty FDP delegates in the Bundestag that Brandt was able to take power last fall after twenty years of Christian Democratic leadership.

■ "*Mmmmmmmmm.* These are nice. Little Roquefort cheese morsels rolled in crushed nuts. Very tasty. Very subtle. . . . Wonder what the Black Panthers eat here on the hors d'oeuvre trail? Do the Panthers like little Roquefort cheese morsels wrapped in crushed nuts this way, and asparagus tips in mayonnaise dabs, and *meatballs petites au Coq Hardi*, all of which are at this very

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moment being offered to them on gadrooned silver platters by maids in black uniforms with hand-ironed white aprons. . . . Deny it if you wish to, but such are the *pensées métaphysiques* that rush through one's head on these Radical Chic evenings just now in New York." So begins the account, by pop-journalist Tom Wolfe, of the whole Radical Chic phenomenon, from the Southampton party for César Chavez' grape strikers all the way to Leonard Bernstein's fund-raising bash for the Black Panthers. Read all about the Great Question of what color servants to have when the Panthers are coming! Thrill as masochistic Jewish white liberals cozy up to supporters of Al Fatah ("I geeve a t'ousand dollars," says Otto Preminger)! Learn exactly why the New York upper-crust has a galloping case of "nostalgia for the mud"! Do not miss "Radical Chic: That Party at Lenny's." It's in *New York* Magazine, June 8, 1970, and it's selling like soul food.

■ Not that Bernstein is the only sorrowing musician around. Just listen to Joe, of the rock group Country Joe and the Fish: ". . . we had some experience with the Black Panthers. We really backed them, and tried to do what we could for them—you know—we played some benefits for them, but we got bum-tripped by their alienation. They bum-tripped *us*—well—some people will accept being bum-tripped as part of paying their dues for what was done wrong to black people, but I don't dig it. I've never done anything wrong to black people, so I don't think I should be bum-tripped, so we split off there."

■ Bring flags, sparklers, mother and the children to Washington July 4—there's going to be a rally, and it's US this time, not THEM. The Honor America event, sponsored by Mamie Eisenhower, Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson, will feature Billy Graham giving the invocation, Bob Hope as Master of Ceremonies and (so the whispers have it) an appearance by President Nixon. Says Hope: "It's just to be an old-fashioned American Fourth of July—a celebration to give Americans a chance to let go." Do it!

■ It used to be the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists; now it's the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, but the aim is the same: to promote intelligent conservatism. One of the most successful means is ISI's summer schools —intensive week-long sessions with such scholars as Eliseo Vivas, Donald Atwell Zoll, Charles Rice, Thomas Molnar, Patrick Boarman, Louis Gasper, James Dornan, and Will Herberg. This August, ISI will offer regional schools in the East ("Conservatism, Liberalism and the American Experience" at George Washington University), Midwest ("Utopia" at Rockford College), and West ("Renewal or Revolution" at Stanford University). Enrollment is limited; applicants should write ISI at 14 South Bryn Mawr Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010.

■ Good morning, worry-warts. Today we're going to worry about yogurt. All flavors of yogurt—plain, strawberry, mandarin orange, Dutch apple, whortleberry, onion, camembert, chocolate and fish. Seems if you eat nothing but yogurt for an extended period—yogurt by the metric ton—you will, so help us Ralph Nader, develop cataracts, provided of course you're a laboratory rat at Johns Hopkins which in itself is something to worry about. Them's the findings, and we mustn't dispute findings, so eat your chicken soup before they find out *it's* bad for you.

■ The *Peking Review*'s special May 23 issue on the U.S. invasion of Cambodia had a galvanizing cover title in shades of Peking red:

PEOPLE OF THE WORLD, UNITE
AND DEFEAT THE U.S. AGGRESSORS
AND ALL THEIR RUNNING DOGS!

Ethical Meditation

On June 11, striking suddenly, and with dash and skill, machine-gunning one security guard to death and wounding two others, Brazilian revolutionaries of the PRV and ALN groups succeeded in kidnaping West German Ambassador Ehrenfried von Hollenben. They soon extracted an agreement from the government to release forty leftist prisoners in return for the ambassador's life. It was a stunning success, the latest of many.

Last September, the Brazilian government released fifteen prisoners in order to ransom American Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick. He described the kidnapers as polite, businesslike and fanatically anti-American; he had no doubt that they would have killed him. In March, the release of five more prisoners bought back the kidnaped consul general of Japan. In April, the Guatemalan gov-

High Noon at the HEW Saloon

The doors swing in, the doors swing out
And still the cowpokes talk about
The way the Westerner subdued
That busing-crazy Eastern dude.

They didn't actually *draw*.
They sort of sat there, jaw-to-jaw.
One helped himself to something, neat,
Then (POW!), the other hit the street.

Some say he did it with his boot.
The gals insist he didn't shoot.
I know the boys were set to lynch
The dude (that's Allen), but for Finch.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ernment refused to release prisoners to ransom West German Ambassador Count Karl von Spretti. Von Spretti was shot.

Such political kidnapings raise all sorts of practical problems, which are obvious enough, but they also raise profound theoretical and ethical problems. The kidnapings are, indeed, paradigmatic of the revolutionary confrontation: By setting aside both legality and ethical norms, the revolutionary antagonist gains a large advantage, sometimes a definitive one. Thus, to cite only one facet, none of the diplomats kidnaped had any actual connection with the political prisoners, and yet their lives depended upon the release of the prisoners. The connection was real, but it existed only in the minds of the kidnapers. The government, in acquiescing, allowed the kidnaper to impose his definition of reality—for it was inhibited by its own norms from creating such new relationships of its own.

This asymmetrical relationship is characteristic of the revolutionary situation itself. The Vietcong vastly magnify their strength through their policy of employing selective terror against the rural population, and through the deliberate murder of local officials, doctors, teachers. By constructing their military installations in and under villages, they define the erstwhile civilian as a military factor, and impose that definition. In fighting "conventionally," their opponents are at a great disadvantage—so long as they are restrained by their own norms from constructing new cause-and-effect relationships of their own.

Partisan and guerrilla movements, as in World War II and in Algeria, place their bets upon the maintenance of an analogous contradiction. They depend upon the dominant power's restraint, upon his adhering to the terms of an armistice or civil status quo in which they appear to be included, for after all, he could simply obliterate the populace; but they wage clandestine warfare out of uniform. Such insurrectionary movements depend for their success on the conqueror's obeying norms and observing contracts which they violate. Paradoxically they can prosper and succeed only to the degree that he is "virtuous."

Thus analyzed, it is obvious that the point may theoretically be reached where the dominant power must choose between a) its own destruction, or unacceptable damage, and b) the loss of "virtue." Though an individual, faced with such a choice, can choose a) and martyrdom, a political sovereignty cannot, for it has obligations to too many who do not so choose. The point at which it must therefore choose b), loss of virtue, cannot be determined abstractly. The Brazilian government, if, in its judgment, destruction or unacceptable damage is in the offing through the revolutionary kidnapings and other such activity, could begin to will new relationships—between the return of the ambassador, say, and the lives of the political prisoners; though other relationships could easily be suggested.

Corpses on the Mekong

While Charlemagne was battling to bar
The Norse from navigating up the Seine,
Cambodia was building on a par
To rival anything Parisiènne.
Still standing north of modern-day Phnom Penh,
More vast than Egypt's Karnak, Angkor Wat
Recalls a race we shall not see again.
Combative as the fabled Hottentot,
They occupied Siam. They chose to squat
Four centuries atop the Vietnamese.
Unfortunately, now they sense a plot
To bracket *them* between parentheses.
And thus, within a sonnet's measured space,
I've told it all—and scarcely mentioned "race."

W. H. VON DREELE

Abortion

Abortion raises questions that press beyond the political realm and into the metaphysical; that is, it raises ultimate rather than merely prudential issues. The Roman Catholic Church has a clear doctrinal position on the subject, though its position does not command anything like an American consensus. On the other hand, the Catholic position is deeply enough entwined with Western culture and with the roots of Western feeling that even those who advocate abortion must have at least twinges of doubt about their position.

Setting aside ethical and theological doctrine just for the moment, and meditating only on the surfaces of things, we sense that if the opponent of abortion argues that a month-old fetus is human, he must, nevertheless, argue with some degree of reservation. It doesn't look exactly like the entity usually designated as "human." But, and here is the rub, the advocate of abortion who denies that the fetus is human can scarcely do so with complete confidence. The fetus is not a fish and it is not a camel, and it can—will, if not interfered with—soon become a human being in the normal sense of the word.

And so, still setting aside doctrine, there is trouble. No one, whatever his overt position, can be at ease with the fact that the city hospital down the street—tax-supported, by the way—might, just might, be committing, say, twenty thousand murders per year. Expanding this to the national scene, the total—if murders they are—would make Heinrich Himmler's death-production lines seem a mere *jeu d'esprit*.

Some form of this reflection must be universal, or almost so, and to the degree that it is in fact a felt apprehension, great sympathy will be felt for the actions of L. Brent Bozell and his followers in Washington last week. After a Mass celebrated at St. Stephen the Martyr

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Church, Bozell and a group of Catholic activists called the Sons of Thunder moved on the George Washington University clinic to protest abortion and present demands that abortions cease and failing that, that aborted fetuses be baptized and buried. The group wore red berets and khaki shirts and had rosary beads around their necks, and some carried large wooden crosses—decor designed to be reminiscent of the Carlist traditionalists in Spain. At the clinic, a melee broke out between the demonstrators and the police, a glass door was smashed, there were minor injuries, and Bozell and several others were arrested.

This entire Happening of course was quixotic, possessed all the nobility and absurdity of the zany old knight himself. Viewed politically, it was probably worse than ineffective. Spanish Carlism, whatever its virtues in its local habitat, is surely exotic in the District of Columbia and the Sons of Thunder can have moved precious few of the unconvinced over to their side. Uncrystallized opinion, irritated by the performance, may very well have been crystallized in favor of abortion. The demonstrators chanted in Spanish, *"Viva Cristo Rey."* To this the reaction of one policeman is both symbolic and important. "I don't know what it was," he said of the slogan, "but it didn't sound good." Another policeman said the Sons of Thunder "appeared no different to me than any other mob. It had the same appearance, the same hysterical rhetoric, the same reactions." Well, cross him off the list of potential anti-abortionists. Nor did the demonstration escape the parodic: the Sons of Thunder are charging "police brutality." As political action, then, this was just no go.

But the deeply serious issues do remain. As David Benfer, an official at the clinic, explained, some George Washington nurses do baptize aborted fetuses. Burial of the fetus depends upon the wishes of the parents. If they do not request that a fetus be buried, Benfer said, it is burned in a special hospital incinerator designed for biological waste.

Gaudeamus Igitur

As everyone knows, honorary degrees and commencement addresses are more or less meaningless. Still, they do have at the margin at least some symbolic value, for they point in some fashion to the things we, and the students, are supposed to admire.

And there they were, this June, ladling it out: against the criminal war in Asia, against American pollution of air and river, and American betrayal of the Dream, against American oppression and exploitation of Negroes, Mexicans, Indians, Esquimaux, Bushmen, Bogmen, Trobrianders, Wogs, Gooks, Slants and Slopes. Wow! Are we awful!

Though there were some notable exceptions here and there, the overwhelming majority of honorary degrees having political meaning were bestowed upon figures ranging from liberal to somewhere left of Chou En-lai. Williams honored John Lindsay; Dartmouth, George McGovern; MIT, Richard Goodwin, who, in the headline of the Boston paper, called flat-out for revolution. Princeton's accolade went to Coretta King—and you can imagine what she said. Boston University waggishly bestowed a Doctor of Laws on the long-distance swimmer of Chappaquiddick. Oberlin smiled on Jesse Jackson *and* Carl Stokes, no tokenism *there*. Skidmore claimed one-third rights in Charlie Goodell, the foreign policy sage, who also picked up degrees at St. Lawrence and Finch. George Wald, the biologist and moralist, held forth at NYU, and Queens College listened with awe to spooky leftist Howard Zinn, who derided the "rigamarole" and "paraphernalia" of the democratic process; and so it went. The only figure missing from this montage was Linus Pauling, no doubt because he was busy getting the Lenin Prize.

The colleges must be kidding.

Bring on The Tumblers! the Clowns!

Mencken, thou shouldst be living at this hour—for few since have enjoyed so much the entertainment of an American political season, and connoisseurs can rest assured that they are in for a vintage year.

First comes Paul O'Dwyer, brogue and all, who wants to be the Democratic nominee for senator from New York, a man considered by some to possess transcendent political integrity. Speaking before an Irish student club at Lehman College, O'Dwyer took off after our number one foreign policy problem, the Navy's communications base in Derry, Ireland. "Our presence in Derry," proclaimed the candidate, "now represents a very real sign of the United States' tacit approval of rank discrimination and oppression of the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland."

Richard Max McCarthy, who also wants to be a senator, shouldered this farceur aside. First he jumped into the Hudson River to dramatize his concern over water pollution—yes, the river was very dirty. Then he made a speech on air pollution while rising over Central Park in a hot-air balloon. When he was out of sight, Ted Sorensen, a rival, was going after still another would-be senator, Richard Ottinger. This poltroon, announced Sorensen, actually held stock in oil companies sympathetic to the Arabs. But up rose Herman Badillo, running for Congress, a great favorite of the enlightened among us. The U.S., he told the Ethical Culture Society, a stronghold of enlightenment, is "hovering on the edge of fascism." The audience received this with awe: Badillo was a man unafraid.

But no one could touch John Lindsay, who transformed himself from a Vietnam dove to a Mideast hawk before the marveling eyes of a Williams College com-

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mencement audience. The Great Transformation Act. We must, he said, pursue a policy of "appropriate internationalism" in foreign affairs. He solemnly warned unnamed powers not to mistake our "plea for peace" as a "plea for pacifism." Then the stirring martial phrases moved out like a juggernaut into the spring air. "Our role in the world community and our vital stake in freedom and justice will not permit us to shirk our responsibility when the cause is right." Everyone understood. Lindsay will fight. Tough luck, Thieu.

. . . And

New York politics (see above) is coming to one of its periodic boils. And all of a sudden it has struck everyone that the candidacy of James L. Buckley, a Republican running on the Conservative ticket, is not only serious, but menacing. Theodore Sorensen, in behalf of himself, has said that only he could beat Buckley. Only he—the great Sorensen—could beat a contender, a novice in politics, running on a third-party ticket! Congressman McCarthy said the identical thing in behalf of himself. And Robert Sweet, former deputy mayor for John Lindsay now managing the forlorn campaign of Charles Goodell, says, glumly, that Buckley has to be considered a major threat.

It could be the great upset. The primaries on June 23 will decide which Democrat will be designated to run against Goodell and Buckley. It doesn't matter much who wins: They are all downstate liberals, and although New York State has a lot of liberals, they don't outnumber conservatives by more than two to one, and Goodell is already there, the incumbent senator, who has proposed everything short of giving the United States to Israel, and that he is probably saving for Election Eve. Poor Mr. Goodell—the upstate people have passed the word down that he shouldn't be scheduled at any of the smaller towns, because, dammit, they just can't line up enough people to come and hear their Republican senator defend left-liberal positions (though you'd think they'd have got used to it from Javits, which is undoubtedly what Goodell has thought all along). The other day in Suffolk County, which is on Long Island, the boys gave a $100-a-plate reception for Governor Rockefeller, who was joined, in the words of the reporter, "by virtually every top state Republican official with the exception of Senator Charles E. Goodell, who was not invited." Not invited! At this rate, Charles Goodell will qualify, by the end of the campaign, as Radical Chic, and parties for him will be given only by Lenny Bernstein and Andrew Stein. Meanwhile, Jim Buckley is off arounding the world, visiting Vietnam and the Mideast, preparing for the battlefront that could take him to the Senate, to sit there cheek by jowl with Senator Jacob Javits, happily ever after.

A. F. Kerensky, R I P

Around 1960, a panel of scholars interviewed Alexander Kerensky on television. One professor bore down rather hard on the frail old man: Why had he not seized the advantage from Lenin's Bolsheviks by making a separate peace with the Central Powers, by breaking up the big estates, by jailing Lenin, Trotsky and the rest for the duration? We couldn't do such things, Kerensky replied mournfully—we were social-democrats. We expanded the suffrage, instituted freedom of press, religion and assembly, gave women equal rights, freed political prisoners. To sue for peace would have brought dishonor; land reform had to be done gradually; to jail the Bolsheviks would have been . . . undemocratic.

When the professor returned home that night, his wife

The Birds

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upbraided him: "How could you be so hard on that poor, senile old man?" "My dear," he replied, "Kerensky was a senile old man in 1917."

A harsh judgment, surely—but the fact is, it was Kerensky who had the power to stop the Bolsheviks and failed to use it; failed to understand that Lenin was not another social-democrat dedicated to individual liberty, orderly change and the ballot. What-ifs are tempting always, in this case irresistible: *What if* Russia had had a leader capable of defending in October the freedom won, after three hundred years, in February? But there was no such leader; there was only Kerensky, who collapsed in the face of the Bolsheviks, fled his doomed country into exile, and died in New York last week at the age of eighty-nine.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

There I lay, entablatured upon my own bed, my feet stretched forth straight as stone can point, covered entirely by the American flag (brought out for Memorial Day). Why so morbid a position? you might well ask. Well, I had been home from the hospital only a couple of hours and had in that time read the latest abomination from one of my publishers, Simon and Schuster (perpetrators of *Do It!*), a thing on Country-Western music called *The Nashville Sound* by someone called Paul Hemphill. As I shall tell my editor over there, it is not a bad book, considering that the author doesn't know a GOD-DAMNED thing about the subject. Oy, choleria. So I arrayed myself in the posture of a patriotic death.

And then my wife entered the room bearing your gift of flowers, just delivered. Being a member still of the boorish proletariat and unaccustomed to such thoughtfulness, I was and am most affected by your graciousness. What a thoughtful thing to do for a poor misanthropic hatchet man like me!

I am your man for life, Mr. Buckley. I hope you won't put my undying allegiance to any strain in the future, like publishing any more rot from your house hippie McSloy.

Many thanks for the very beautiful flowers. Like Frankenstein and other monsters (don't get bloody pedantic on me here by pointing out that the monster was not Frankenstein), I am a softie for flowers, so long as they are not stuck in the barrels of National Guardsmen's rifles.

Yrs., etc.,
John Greenway
Professor of Anthropology
University of Colorado

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I bring you good tidings of great joy, possibly. That's one reason I venture to presume upon your time and attention. The other is more selfish—something like the last throes of a political identity crisis that demands clarification.

To begin with the good news—There may be a new category of postulants about to flood your ranks, for I always seem to be two or three years ahead of my time. I am a member of the Now Generation (age 23) and a student (Ph.D. candidate in physics at Indiana University). Though I came from a lower-middle class, conservative family, I always thought of myself (at least from, say, 1963 to 1968) as well off to the left. I had been militantly against the war long before that was fashionable (the first on my block! the envy of my friends! . . .) and voted for McCarthy here in the '68 primary. Imagine my horror when, as the summer of that year progressed, I found myself less and less able to support people who called themselves liberals, and more and more eager to support people who called themselves (alas!) conservatives. It gave me nightmares. My social life suffered. By November I had reached the utter depths of depravity and voted for Richard Nixon. It would be tedious to lay before you all the particulars of this Rake's Progress, but a general summary may be in order.

I didn't think much about politics before 1963. I was more interested in science. My family's views seemed quite sufficient—namely, as far as I understood them, that Republicans should be in office and Democrats should not. I liked to hear of the important events of the twentieth century, but made no critical judgments on them. I read Jefferson and approved of him. That was the extent of it. My great passion, since the age of seven or eight (*before* Sputnik), has been the exploration of space. Politics was quite mundane by comparison.

Then, in my senior year in high school, Kennedy was assassinated. I was stunned to find out that terrestrial history was not over, and that the future might hold happenings as tremendous and terrible as any to be found in the past. I developed an insatiable appetite for news and political comment, from the most aethereal wisps of philosophy to the most pragmatic day-to-day proposals. For the first time I looked at Kennedy sympathetically, and I liked what I saw. But the flood did not come until I read H. G. Wells in June of 1965. His political and social writings are almost forgotten now, but at one time they commanded the attention of the world. I found an unprecedented harmony with his technological romanticism (with which, I see now, he has influenced me indirectly all my life) and his uncompromising skepticism. (I had been oscillating through various shades of agnosticism for years. My family's faith had been a non-denominational rural fundamentalism, with strong New England influences, handed down from parent to child, with my parent's generation giving in to a wider convention, liberalizing and joining estab-

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lished churches. All that was clearly unacceptable to me, but with what I was to replace it remained in doubt.) Thus was I introduced to the lures of socialism, though I remained far from its main stream. (Wells renounced socialism as "obsolete" in 1914, and was denouncing Bolshevism almost before it began.)

I hope that has not been too much pre-history. Now begins the meat of the story. Some time in 1967, I picked up a book by Russell Kirk called *A Program for Conservatives*. Expecting to be amused, I was instead astounded. As I well knew, all conservatives were either crude, greedy opportunists who jealously fought and connived to preserve their ill-gotten wealth and position in a corrupt, dissolute upper class, or ignorant, superstitious peasants, who were terrified of new ideas and incapable of living outside the authority of a rigid tradition. But Mr. Kirk was of another species altogether. He was intelligent, restrained, eloquent and wise. Before long, I was reading *The Conservative Mind*. He got his foot in the door with the chapter on Edmund Burke and the late eighteenth century. I had to agree with almost everything he said. There was a depth and richness, a sense of reality that infused my discovery with an undertone of near ecstasy. I began to lose enthusiasm only when he reached Henry Adams. After that, his religious orthodoxy and technophobia repelled me. But I was hooked. And as the contemporary Left began to demonstrate the thoroughness of its madness, I had to abandon it forever. (I should explain that this transformation was not without its omens to presage it. Seeds of doubt had been planted by *Up From Liberalism* and some of your columns, but I wasn't compelled then to look the Mystery in the face.)

In the years since, I have been struggling with nomenclature: Am I a conservative? I am not a liberal, of that I am increasingly confident. My essential convictions and principles have remained fairly constant: I believe in Progress (i.e., that there is such a thing, and that it is good), if not inevitable, then at least probable as long as reason can operate smoothly and a spirit of cooperation, sympathy and respect continue to characterize society. To insure the latter, I advocate a reverence for institutions that have demonstrated their value; boldness in conceiving social change, but great caution in carrying it out. My personal political ideals are Theodore Roosevelt and Winston Churchill; this may mean I share their perennial boyishness. It seems clear to me that nearly every major general increase in the standard of living of a people has been due more to technological advance than to political reform (though the latter has been of some importance) and that this rule will apply at least for another century or so. I have respect for most of the great religions, and have learned from them, but I cannot believe in the existence of any entity I could in good conscience call God (I have tried). I do not believe in the continuation of personal consciousness after death, but I do see a similarity and common identity among all minds that gives me a feeling of "supra-personal" immortality. (I avoid mysticism like the plague, though. It's more a matter of looking at cosmic history as a game, in which the important thing is to live life well, to score points for the "good" side—I'm not a dualist, though—and overlook the hard knocks.) I am a thorough naturalist-determinist (apart from the randomness in modern physics, which is really irrelevant), but I hold that this in no way conflicts with a heuristic concept of free-will (once one grants that the will is not invincible) and a common-sense code of behavior. Thus my ethics is very similar to Spinoza's, except that I feel I do not understand the universe well enough to see a God in it, however abstract, just an awareness that virtue and creativity and effort are worthwhile. That will do for now as a credo.

Unlike the traditional conservative, I love machines, devices, artifices. I find them often beautiful, sometimes sublime. I regard the exploration and colonization of space as something akin to a spiritual imperative, necessary to revive our corrupted soul by opening wide a new physical frontier. It will surely be materially profitable, but even if it were not, I would despise mankind, should it turn away from this challenge.

The conservative engineer is a familiar character; the conservative atheist is something else again. Like Mr. [Max] Eastman, I shudder at a description of political processes in terms of loyalty to a personal God. On the other hand, I can stretch and retouch almost any religious statement into a comprehensible theorem in my philosophy (not hard after a little practice), and transform e.g. your transcendental awareness of God into my "transcendental" awareness of the worthwhileness of Manhood-at-its-best (Confucianism is the creed that requires the least adaption). Via this decoding process, I think I could sit comfortably on your side of the house. After all, I think theistic orthodoxies will fade away eventually, without need to militate against them; though perhaps, for the sake of society, I hope they don't fade away too quickly. Kirk's religiosity bothers me much less than a column he once wrote on psychic phenomena, and of course his Luddite sympathies. I get mad only when I hear Billy Graham preach the imminence of the Day of Judgment and encourage neglect of earthy problems. At such times I consider him quite as subversive as Jerry Rubin.

Well, if you have had time to read this, you may have time to pass judgment on me and my suitability for "coadjutorship," and thus rescue me from political limbo.

As for my future—I hope to work with NASA on advanced development. (I would take part in colonization, if the chance came my way.) Also, as you have had ample opportunity to observe, I love to write, and might like to make a secondary career out of that. So great is my innate presumption, that I would even offer now to write a regular column in NATIONAL REVIEW, on any subject whatsoever. But the world may not be ready for that.

Sincerely,
Douglas L. Bilodeau
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Mr. Bilodeau: On any subject whatsoever, you may not be so good. On your intellectual autobiography, you

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This is a page from the June 9 issue of the *National Review* BULLETIN*

Read it. It is typical of the kind of hard-hitting reporting by M. Stanton Evans and others, which makes the Bulletin so unique and valuable in these days of liberal-slanted news media. To start your copies coming, just use the card facing this page today.

At Home

IT IS DISTRESSING to note that Mayor John Lindsay and certain other political spokesmen were so quick to denounce the construction workers who jumped a group of Vietnik demonstrators in the New York financial district.

This seems, to say the least, out of character. Shortly before this episode, Lindsay had praised New Left types who defy laws with which they disagree, and indeed has made a career for himself by apologizing for and declaring his solidarity with leftists who take the law into their own hands. In this he has had the vociferous backing of countless other liberals in government, the academy and the communications media.

To be consistent with their previous stand, Lindsay and his liberal friends should form themselves into a Commission to Study the Causes of the Construction Workers' Alienation, and find out just what inadequacies in our society have driven the workers to feel the need for extra-legal action. It is easy to pontificate about "law and order," but we have become well aware of late that these are merely code words for repression. What is demanded is not the slinging about of empty phrases, but some effort to understand the causes of such behavior.

THE FIRST AND MOST OBVIOUS CONCLUSION of this inquiry would undoubtedly be that the existing state of the law is unjust and should be changed. While this column in no sense condones violence, it is apparent the construction workers feel the laws governing this sort of conduct are no longer relevant and that the very existence of statutes punishing assault and battery and other forms of dissent is thus a provocation, forcing the workers to choose conscience over outmoded notions of legality. Repealing these statutes or at least reducing the unenforceable penalties prescribed by them would certainly be a step in the right direction.

In addition, there is doubtless the fact that the construction workers are not living in suitable economic circumstances and that this contributes to their feeling that "The System" is unresponsive. Small wonder they are frustrated and angry when they are getting so little attention from federal authorities. It may be alleged that the workers are already enjoying high rates of pay, but this ignores the fact that no rate of pay is high enough if it does not convince them society means to treat them fairly. A gigantic program of federal subsidies to help them overcome the conditions that breed violence would seem to be indicated.

There is another factor in the liberal analysis which should be applied. We must realize that construction workers are earnestly trying to "relate," in an open and honest fashion, to the public life of the nation. These are, after all, *our* construction workers, our "boys" so to speak, and perhaps they have taken too literally our idealistic talk about every individual counting in the political process. They are getting involved in a way which to them seems most direct and meaningful. That they are breaking past artificial conventions and simply "doing their thing" completely and unashamedly is a cause for hope, not sorrow.

In assessing the construction workers' performance, the commission might also note that this is perhaps the finest generation of construction workers our nation has ever seen. Although it is true that "the boys" have not delved into the classics and in many cases are not great readers, we must remember this is the first group of construction workers we have had which has grown up *entirely under the influence of television.* They are in many ways far better informed on truly important matters than the construction workers of the past. We need only look at the impressive buildings they have been putting up to realize this.

FINALLY, it should be observed that it is totally unfair to judge all construction workers by the actions of a few. A worker interviewed by columnist Don Maclean points out that the vast majority of the hard-hats in New York did not want violence, and that the Wall Street "confrontation" occurred only because the workers were unwisely provoked. It is reasonable to suppose most of "the boys" will not engage in violence if their demands are met without hesitation. Should their desires be thwarted, however, responsibility for the ensuing holocaust will rest with those who resist the imperatives of necessary change.

There are no easy answers to the questions the construction workers have raised, but the least we can do is to listen to what they are trying to tell us and work with them toward a common solution. While "law-and-order" fanatics like Mayor Lindsay may find that attacking "the boys" is an easy way to get votes, men of good will must try to hammer out some kind of response to the issues the workers have so forcefully projected. Continued abuse by politicians of the Lindsay stripe can only serve further to polarize us. As a result, some of the finest minds among the present generation of construction workers may be lost to us forever.

ALL IN ALL, the liberal answer to the hard-hats' guerrilla theater should be clear: Such manifestations are a judgment on society as a whole, telling us far more about ourselves than about "the boys" crying out in protest. In a real sense, *we have failed the construction workers.* The only possible recourse is to have them tour the campuses for a handsome fee and explain their philosophy of life. Perhaps then we can learn from them the lesson they are so desperately trying to teach.

M. STANTON EVANS

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**The Bulletin is the 8-page fortnightly newsletter which appears on alternate weeks when*

are very very good. By all means, let us hear from you.
Gratefully, WFB

■ Dear Bill: Did you get the jacket blurb on Jerry Rubin's *Do It!*? It says, "Do It! is to be danced to. Read aloud. Studied. Memorized. Burned. Swallowed. Eaten. But most important, after living through the experiences of this book, take its final advice: Do It!" Herewith my comments:

Simony & Shuster, Inc.

So this little shitfumcincinnati, bottom half of his
ass warfare exposed, got his high stool diploma for
spelling c-a-t
Without an f. And that
Impressed the fu, er, focks at Simian an
Shuster so folkin' much they fukot to czeck de dictionary,
man.
What's selling sacred thing like one's good name fer
cash called? See
Under SIMONY.

Johannes Eff

■ Concluding passage from Class Dinner speech, by WFB, at Twentieth Reunion of Yale Class of 1950.

". . . It is by the exercise of reason that one discovers the errors of the particular idealism to which Bukharin remained faithful, and gave his life. But reason also reveals the symmetrical cogency of his final decision to repent, even as reason discloses the irresistible arguments for considering this impure nation of ours as the altogether proper vehicle for our hope, as a continuing source of our critical pride, as the deserving object of our devoted attentions. Surely Yale has failed to register these points, if indeed they are worth registering as we suppose them to be. And to note that Yale's failure is after all not greater than the failure of society at large is twice to obscure the question, because Yale's responsibilities are greater than the responsibilities of the Provinces, Point One; and, Point Two, in fact the Provinces seem to have done much better than Yale at registering the essential points. Mr. Agnew's suggestion that Mr. Brewster be replaced was certainly presumptuous, even as it would be presumptuous for Mr. Brewster to suggest that the Class of 1950 designate a different dinner speaker. But the provenance of a suggestion does not define the merit of it. And anyway, the replacement of an individual does not in and of itself assure that the policies one desires to replace will accordingly be replaced, which after all is the complaint we hear from those who understood themselves to be voting for Mr. Nixon in order to alter the policies of Mr. Johnson in Vietnam. Mr. Agnew's suggestion that Mr. Brewster's replacement would transform Yale is as romantic as Mr. Brewster's suggestion that abandoning Vietnam would compose Yale. Mr. Agnew's interest in the policies of Yale no doubt reflects his assessment of Yale's importance in the public polity, which assessment in no sense differs from that of Mr. Brewster, who also thinks of Yale as a great national institution. Mr. Brewster no doubt rues the fact of his living in a society governed by such as Mr. Agnew, even as Mr. Agnew rues the prospect of living in a society governed by those who are being taught by such as Mr. Brewster to be skeptical-about-the-ability of American institutions to behave justly. There are no ready resolutions to these problems, my very old friends, but I hope we can control at least the snobbish impulse to observe, as was indirectly done by one champion of Mr. Brewster at Yale, that a man with the limited educational background of Spiro Agnew isn't fit to advise so finished an educator as Mr. Brewster. Because, of course, that way Tu Quoque lies; and before you know it, you have Mr. Agnew observing that any one who cannot control the Students for a Democratic Society on the campus at Yale, ought not to instruct the President of the United States on how to control the Communist armies on the Asian continent. If you see what I mean.

"I do think this, that five years from now when we meet again, it will have become clear whether Yale will survive as a private institution devoted to her old ideals. I can only say in defense of my remarks, and others that I have made about Yale during the preceding twenty years, that I hope I have made it clear that I am, most resolutely, on the side of Yale's survival and, not incidentally, the country's survival, in recognizable form."

—WFB

Waite, *The Sun*, London — Ben Roth Agency

"We always go to Loch Ness, I said, let's go somewhere different this year."

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CATO

SPACE RESEARCH IN TROUBLE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Vice President Spiro Agnew is not only a master of rhetoric. He is also an accurate reporter. Attacks on the Vice President have usually taken the form of loud assaults on his tone, but in one recent incident the press and the academic community descended on Agnew with particular glee, accusing him of distorting facts. Agnew had cited the example of a professor at Cornell who was physically assaulted during the course of campus turmoil. Cornell promptly denied that any such incident had ever taken place, and the news media just as promptly descended on the Vice President, abusing him for spreading misinformation and widely reporting the Cornell disclaimer.

But as it turns out Agnew was right. Harold Feldman, Professor of Human Development and Family Studies at Cornell, was beaten by a 38-year-old graduate student and hospitalized for several days. Those who followed the Vice President closely were not surprised, since one of his strengths is his thorough documentation.

Goal-Oriented Funds

A major problem facing the scientific community is the cut in funds for general scientific research. Insiders at the National Science Foundation say the long-range scientific potential of the United States is in jeopardy.

The heart of the complaints is that much "non-goal-oriented" research—or pure research—has been either canceled or severely cut. Goal-oriented research is research aimed at achieving a specific objective: for instance, perfecting the landing gear of a lunar module. And funding for goal-oriented research is continuing at a fairly constant level, except in some health and medical research areas. Non-goal-oriented research is under severe strain. Funds for non-goal-oriented research dropped from $40 million last year to $9 million this year. This could be perilous since many of the developments now incorporated in defense systems and in space probes originated in non-goal-oriented operations.

A scientist close to the Administration tends to discount the cuts in research grants. Much of the criticism of Administration tight-fistedness, he says, comes from scientists whose projects were not funded and who are personally disgruntled. According to this source, the real danger to the researcher comes from inflation, a much more serious problem this year than last. Many researchers, both pure and goal-oriented, have felt a tight budgetary squeeze simply because the skyrocketing costs of both materials and assistance has hit the scientific community particularly hard.

Administration critics agree that inflation is a factor, but continue to argue that it is less of a factor than budgetary restrictions. The United States, they say, will nonetheless lose its position of technological primacy unless substantially more funds are authorized for pure research. They argue, eloquently, that the decision for technological primacy in the 1980s will have to be made in the near future.

Operation Overkill?

The student antiwar lobby on Capitol Hill may soon become counterproductive. Many congressmen and senators are becoming annoyed at the amount of time taken up by students and faculty members who want to talk about the war. Senator Charles Percy (R., Ill.), a liberal and a dove, recently lashed out in private at the inundation. The antiwar lobby is, of course, balanced to some extent by YAF and other pro-Administration groups that are lobbying on the other side, though with more restraint and in smaller numbers. But the problem is spatial and chronological: There isn't enough time and room for all the people who want to see their representatives in Washington.

The mail on Cambodia—much of it form letters—is also causing problems. "We are faced with a log jam," said one veteran legislative aide. "We are missing important correspondence because it gets lost in the mass of mimeographed letters we get every day.

Pro Crime?

While the District of Columbia's high crime rate continues relatively unabated, the Nixon Administration's crime control proposals for the nation's capital have become snarled in a House-Senate fight which is providing the latest cause célèbre for civil libertarians across the country. Commencement time found New York's John Lindsay railing against the D.C. crime bill at Berkeley, while Atlanta's Julian Bond was doing the same at Syracuse.

The massive crime control package was presented to Congress a year ago. Although the House passed the measure more or less intact, the liberal Senate District Committee under Senator Joseph Tydings (D., Md.) made substantial changes which, in the opinion of Administration spokesmen, would gut many key provisions. Controversy has centered on the proposed preventive detention power, which would permit authorities to hold certain defendants without bail for a limited time, and the "no-knock" provisions, which would allow police to enter premises without notice in restricted circumstances, most particularly in drug-search cases.

The criminal law section of the American Bar Association, at a hastily called and liberal-dominated meeting in Chicago, went on record in opposition. And this has been very damaging. The liberal apparatus, says an important Republican on the Hill, has managed to generate in a matter of weeks "a hue and cry from coast to coast against what is essentially a local bill." It could end up stopping the Administration's crime control legislation. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

TO FLY OR NOT TO FLY?

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

My comments a few months ago on the SST project evoked, or provoked, a lot of letters, the majority of them anti. Most were both literate and thoughtful; they proved, at a minimum, that the anti-SST lobby has done a first-rate job. Some of the arguments were serious enough; some, indeed, I agree with, for, though I am pro-, very strongly pro-SST, I do not pretend that the case is open-and-shut.

However, I want to turn away from the economic and technical to the historical dimensions of the SST issue: to see the SST as symbol. The House passed the $290-million appropriation required to get the SST through its next phase by a bare thirteen-vote margin. It will have a rough time in the Senate, which is expected to vote within six weeks or so. In my judgment, that Chamber has seldom confronted a more momentous decision.

Fly American

Aircraft are the vehicles of the world's most advanced and decisive form of transportation. The age of air transportation, after a prelude in the period between the two World Wars, began in earnest following World War II. It has so far gone through two principal phases, based on, first, the propeller-turning internal combustion engine and then the propeller-less turbo-jet engine (with the prop-jet as a sort of transition).

The United States has been dominant in both these phases, most particularly in their critical long-haul operations. The U.S. has taught mankind to fly; the world flies American in a sense much more fundamental than American airline ads. Of course there are a few minor exceptions, like the inferior VC-10 forced on an unwilling BOAC, and one major one (to which I shall return), but, broadly speaking, people travel on American planes and have done so from the beginning.

Everyone who has done a certain amount of international flying has been able to grasp something of what this predominance in air transport means. The great American planes are *there*, at every major airport in every nation. They signify, in fact they *are*, an American *presence* everywhere. And it is not only the aircraft, which are only the most conspicuous element in a physical, economic, political and psychological web. There are also pilots and navigators and ground crews trained the American way; replacement items to be studied, bought, stored; tickets bought and sold; communications established. The planes are a display case of thousands of American products. They carry citizens of all nations back and forth to do business with each other, to learn and to enjoy themselves. English—i.e., American—is the language of the global airways: that fact alone tells everything.

My generalizations obviously need qualifying. There is one other country with a full-scale aerospace industry that can and does turn out great air transports—as well as, like our aerospace industry, great war craft and weapons. American transports do not dominate the airways of the Communist world—though the Soviet Union's secondary and provincial rank is shown by the Soviet failure to spread their planes anywhere except within their own directly controlled sphere. Nearly everywhere else the American craft have triumphed, in spite of the widest political breaches. India may denounce U.S. policy in UN meetings, but Air India flies Boeings; Scandinavia may welcome U.S. deserters, but Scandinavian Airlines flies Douglas DC-8s; El Al *and* the Arab Middle East Airlines both fly Boeings; Ethiopia *and* South Africa fly American; Japan and Ireland, Switzerland and Portugal. . . . This commonalty has political implications considerably deeper than UN speeches.

It is no accident that America has been—is—dominant in air transport; no more than was Britain's nineteenth-century dominance in the making and operating of ships and the engines to drive ships. We have been dominant because we have been the world's foremost power, and our dominance in civil transport has been paralleled by our dominance in military aircraft and the rockets and missiles that are linked with civil aircraft as products of the aerospace industry—just as Britain's iron and steel fighting ships were inseparably linked to her merchant vessels.

The propeller-driven planes with internal combustion engines; subsonic turbo-jets; and, the third generation, the supersonic jets. That is the way it is going to be, if not in five years, then in ten or twelve. The long-distance international airways are the key and controlling factor, and they are going to be ruled by the SSTs. Whose?

Signs and Symptoms

If we bug out of the SST project, it will be the most striking symptom to date that we are bugging out as a nation, that we haven't got what it takes. It will be more striking than Vietnam: We never claimed to be so much at fighting a cockeyed kind of war in tropical jungles, but doing jobs like making lots of terrific aircraft and populating the world with them is our sort of thing. The choice has nothing to do, really, with money and priorities and ecology and the rest. All that talk is just a way of hiding. It is a matter of *will*. And if we have lost our national will, the SST won't be the last or worst of the casualties. Historical symbols are usually easy to read if your eyes are open. This year, 1970, when we are making the SST choice, is the year when the Soviet Union moved ahead of us in numbers of land-based ICBMs (far ahead in explosive power) and flew its SST prototype at twice the speed of sound; when China successfully tested a nuclear warhead fired by a missile. □

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LETTER FROM SAIGON

Minh, Don and Dzu simply won't do—
Not for the South Vietnamese people, anyway.
Liberal American senators and newsmen like them just fine,
which is strange, says the author, very strange

If Not Thieu, Who?

GERRY KIRK

NOW THAT the U.S. has stopped bombing North Vietnam and is pulling its troops from the South, the peace-at-any-price propagandists are pushing a third Communist demand for unconditional surrender: replacement of South Vietnam's President Nguyen Van Thieu with some coalition quisling who can be counted on to cooperate in a leisurely Communist takeover of the government and country. As Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge plaintively used to put it: "They want us to pull out our troops and kick the props from under the Saigon government as we're leaving!"

U.S. supporters of Hanoi's three-point plan for unconditional surrender don't phrase it quite that bluntly. All they want, they say, is replacement of the present Saigon government (usually referred to as a military "junta," or "cabal" or "regime") with a "broad-based" government headed up by a miracle man who can satisfy, simultaneously, the Communists and the anti-Communists, the Catholics and the moderate, radical and Cambodian Buddhists, the peasants and the city-dwellers, the Hao Hoa and Cao Dai sects and the *New York Times*.

Most recent proponent of a coalition replacement for President Thieu's "unrepresentative" government is Senator Eugene McCarthy, who assured the Foreign Relations Committee that capitulation to this third Communist demand for unconditional surrender would undoubtedly produce favorable action at the Paris peace talks. (The Senator probably based this prediction on information from Madame Binh, the hard-eyed but softly-curved VC leader with whom he was closeted for several hours the last time he saw Paris. The Communist Dragon Lady was probably

also responsible for the Senator's assurance that Hanoi does not intend to slaughter South Vietnam's anti-Communist opposition when it takes over—a reassurance that reminds one of the Communist announcement of a cease-fire the day before their 1968 Tet offensive.)

Unfortunately for all concerned, not even the *Times* seems to have such a miracle worker up its sleeve, which leads us to the question, "If not Thieu, who?"

Although the news media frequently refer to General Duong Van "Big" Minh as a possible Thieu rival in next year's presidential election, no responsible correspondent has had the gall to urge that he replace Thieu as head of a coalition. The Saigon reporters know, as do the Vietnamese people, that "Big" Minh is an amiable but dangerous incompetent who was kicked out of Vietnam for his sensational failures as head of the military junta that took over after President Ngo Dinh Diem was murdered in 1963. Best indication of the general disregard in which the General is held is the fact that he was allowed to return to Saigon from exile, though no real pressure was placed on President Thieu to allow him to do so. Indications are that his return was simply a case of "why not? Nobody takes him seriously."

The National Liberation Front is equally sure that Minh would be "no problem." As *Time* Magazine recently observed: "It is hardly a secret that the amiable General is no strong man. The Communists are confident that any Minh-led government would soon fall apart, leaving the NLF to pick up the pieces." The fact that Madame Nguyen Thi Binh feels sure she could work with Minh is also significant. As head of the Vietcong delegation to the Paris peace talks, the favorable interest of this hard-eyed little lady in the plump and juicy General is comparable to the interest of a black widow spider in a fat and foolish fly.

Fox or Dark Horse?

One of the most frequently mentioned coalition possibilities during recent weeks is General (now Senator) Tran Van Don, whose chief claim to fame is that he—along with several thousand other Vietnamese generals—was a participant in the coup that overthrew and slew President Diem.

This wily and perpetually grinning politico has been trying hard to take advantage of the government's austerity program, the Mylai incident and President Thieu's attacks on three senators

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accused of being Communist supporters. But his lack of influence was shown by the way his fellow senators slapped down his attempt to pass a resolution holding Thieu responsible for the My-lai incident. Despite all the sound and furor in the U.S. and Saigon press, when it came to a showdown the senators voted 25 to 4 in favor of a Thieu-sponsored resolution which described Mylai as "an isolated act . . . and not the policy of the United States Armed Forces."

U.S. correspondents who have been trying to build this political fox into a dark horse keep referring to his leadership of a "third force," supposedly made up of Saigon intellectuals, liberal Catholics, radical Buddhists and radical students. But since they know in their hearts that the members of this third force represent about one-half of 1 per cent of the population they can't really buy their own propaganda line.

"The Thieu government," said NBC correspondent Robert Hager at the conclusion of an enthusiastic plug for Senator Don, "is fairly well entrenched and will probably continue." The *New York Times* echoed his opinion in a January report which admitted that "top opponents of President Thieu, such as Gen. Minh and Sen. Don, are not considered here as serious challengers to his rule. During 1969, it is believed here, Mr. Thieu has strengthened his position."

Wechsler's Favorite

The most dangerous prospect for the job of coalition quisling is one-time presidential candidate Truong Dinh Dzu —provided his backers in Hanoi and the U.S. can bring enough pressure on Saigon and Washington to get him sprung from the island prison in which he is serving a five-year term for having violated a Vietnamese decree against giving aid and comfort to the enemy. For the benefit of readers who may be shocked by the existence of such an undemocratic decree, it should be pointed out that South Vietnam (unlike the U.S.) is "officially" at war with the Communists and has the legal right to crack down on the spies, traitors, saboteurs and fellow travelers who plot to open the gates to the enemy. And for the benefit of any readers who may have gained the impression that Dzu's only wrong was to "advocate peace," it should be pointed out that the record of civil charges brought against him over the past several years make him look more like a shady shyster than a Vietnamese Capt. Dreyfus.

On September 24, 1967, for example, *New York Times* correspondent R. W. Apple Jr., wrote that sore-loser Dzu had openly advocated the "violent overthrow" of the Thieu government and had publicly called Thieu a "traitor." Digging into Dzu's earlier career there is a *Times* report of September 15, 1967, which tells of his conviction for passing a bad check in the amount of $8,474 and for illegally transferring $11,500 from Saigon to San Francisco. A third charge, that he had taken a $1,270 fee from a client he failed to defend was reported in the same *Times* story, as was a still earlier charge that "Mr. Dzu was implicated as the go-between in asserted payoffs to the Vietnamese Anti-Corruption Court to gain freedom for several Americans convicted of currency violations."

Although Dzu's U.S. fan club maintains that these charges are a "tissue of lies" and an attempt to "frame" a gallant nationalist, it is significant that when the Thieu government decided to try Dzu as a traitor our mission in Saigon, horrified at the uproar this would cause in the ranks of pro-McCarthy peaceniks during the U.S. Presidential primaries, urged the government to shift the Dzu case to a civilian court, where he could be tried on charges that would leave him smelling more like a crooked opportunist than a patriot-martyr.

None of these civil charges, incidentally, is ever referred to in the highly selective and rose-colored tributes that appear in the pro-Dzu press. Also never mentioned is the fact that Dzu ran a very poor second to Thieu in the 1967 presidential election, rather than a very close second. According to an item in the *New York Times*, when South Vietnam's Constituent Assembly validated the election results against six carefully selected criteria it was found that Thieu had received 1.2 million votes to Dzu's 228,000.

Despite the favorable U.S. press, the only newspaper reckless enough openly to promote this highly questionable character is the *New York Post*, which is influenced by Editor James Wechsler's personal friendship with Dzu's U.S.-educated son, but mostly motivated by its frustrated anger against Thieu for having snatched a mortal enemy, Nguyan Cao Ky, from its journalistic jaws.

To put this a bit more clearly, the *Post*, along with the rest of the peacenik press, had eagerly anticipated that Premier Ky rather than Thieu would be the "military" candidate for president in the 1967 election. They had done a highly successful job in pre-selling Ky to the U.S. public as a flamboyant, Oriental playboy who was trying to dance to dictatorial power on the bodies of American soldiers. So . . . when the military switched to the sincere and saintly looking Thieu (probably at the suggestion of U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker), the peacenik press was caught with its propaganda wasted.

The *Post* was especially furious and frustrated because it has hated Ky with a special passion ever since a favorable remark he is said to have made, as a young flyer, about Hitler's war machine. The *Post* apparently has no intention of ever forgiving the man it loves to hate. As a matter of fact, the unexpected nomination and election of Thieu instead of Ky was so traumatic for the *Post* that it refuses to admit it happened. Hence the strange device of never referring to the "Thieu administration" or the "Thieu government" but of invariably calling it the "Thieu-Ky" regime or cabal, the idea apparently being that half a Ky is better than none.

Why They Hate Thieu

Since nobody seems able to dig up a credible candidate for a coalition, the question that logically arises is: Why *not* Thieu? Why *not* continue in office the decent, honorable and able leader who was chosen by the Vietnamese people in an election that brought out over 83 per cent of the registered voters, despite a terror campaign by the Vietcong and a U.S. propaganda campaign which predicted (falsely) that the election would be "rigged"?

Is it because he had failed to develop "broad-based" support? According to *New York Times* columnist C. L. Sulzberger, the reason for that is because "the seventeen million South Vietnamese *have* no broadly based parties, only a control administrative system and local factions." So when the peacenik propagandists keep demanding that President Thieu appoint representatives from South Vietnam's opposition parties to achieve "broad-based" support, they are asking for something that doesn't exist.

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It's easy to understand why Hanoi and its witting and unwitting agents in America are passionately interested in replacing a leader whose government is breaking records for stability, longevity and honesty. It's easy to understand why they *must* get rid of a leader who is courageously and grimly determined to resist a Communist takeover. However, since most U.S. correspondents in Saigon have themselves provided the reasons why neither Minh, nor Don, nor Dzu is worthy of consideration, it's logical to ask why they are so anxious to get rid of Thieu.

From the standpoint of character traits and personal appearance it could be argued that the South Vietnamese *already have* the ideal man for president. Where Vice President Ky can be attacked as too "flamboyant" and too brutally frank, Thieu is modest and diplomatically discreet; where "Big" Minh is lazy and incompetent, Thieu is indefatigable and smart; where Sen. Don is as wily and cunning as a cartoon character out of Pogo-land, Thieu is impressively open and sincere, and where Attorney Dzu is obviously dedicated to any kind of caper that will pad his pocketbook, Thieu comes through as an incorruptible leader completely dedicated to the cause for which hundreds of thousands of his compatriots have fought and died.

It was the almost unbelievable "good guy" appearance of Thieu that prompted U.S. Ambassador Bunker to urge that he, rather than Ky, be nominated for president—even though Ky was much better known and much more popular among the South Vietnamese, precisely because he *was* so "flamboyant." By the same token, Thieu's smooth, bland and middle-aged choir boy appearance is probably the chief reason why the Saigon correspondents are restless for a change. From a completely selfish and brutally cynical point of view, Thieu's discretion, dedication and honesty make the kind of dog-bites-man news to which they are completely indifferent—if not allergic.

In addition to being disappointingly non-newsworthy to the "human interest" newshawks, President Thieu's regular features and choir-boy appearance are the despair of the political cartoonists, practically all of whom are left-wingers, and who wistfully recall the good old days when Ky was premier and they had such fun depicting him as a sort of Little League Fu Manchu.

President Thieu also has an irritating habit of blandly side-stepping the prophetic pitfalls so laboriously dug for him by the Saigon seers in the Sunday edition think-pieces that appeared immediately following his election in 1967. For example, after 95 per cent of the experts had incorrectly predicted that Premier Ky would walk off with the nomination for president, they tried to recoup their losses by predicting that the partnership between President Thieu and Ky would not endure beyond the inauguration ceremonies.

Bad News Is Good News

The way things have developed (and despite the irritating tendency of our easily excited correspondents to cry "coup! coup!" whenever two or more Saigon policemen are seen whispering together), the relationship between the two statesmen has never been closer than it is today—over two years *after* it was supposed to explode in a jealous fury. As a matter of fact, instead of being a constant threat to the Thieu government, Vice President Ky (à la Nixon and Agnew) has been enormously helpful in keeping Vietnam's military hawks from worrying that the Thieu administration might become too subservient to U.S. and Communist demands at the Paris peace talks.

The president and his vice president have also pulled the rug from under the legion of correspondents who predicted that Thieu, as a Catholic, would face the same angry revolt among the Buddhists that is alleged to have caused the overthrow of Catholic President Diem. The word "alleged" is used advisedly in this instance since historical hindsight has pretty well established that there never was a "war" between Vietnam's fifteen million Buddhists and two million Catholics—if only because the badly outnumbered Catholics would never have been so foolish as to start one.

Getting back to the question of "Who *but* Thieu?" A small but raucous flock of U.S. senators shares the view of many Saigon correspondents that "bad news" about the Thieu administration is good news for them. As, for example, the recent statement by Sen. McGovern that our war against Communism in Vietnam is solely for the purpose of perpetuating "a corrupt and unrepresentative foreign regime." (By which he means, if anything, the legitimately elected government of President Thieu.) Or consider the phoney-baloney warning of Sen. Fulbright, who predicts that President Thieu's questioning of a member of the National Assembly (whose brother is a notorious Communist spy) "will prove to be the last chapter of the history of representative government in Vietnam!"

Though we have come to expect such baseless rhetoric from Fulbright and McGovern, it is difficult to understand why so many otherwise responsible Democrats want to pull the rug from under the first legitimately elected government the war-weary South Vietnamese people have ever had. As, for example, the recent consideration by the Democratic Policy Council of a statement that "to equip the present Thieu government so it can continue its rule through military means is not only unjustifiable but delusive."

Since not even the most antiwar correspondents in Saigon have claimed that Thieu's election was "illegal," and since there has never been the slightest evidence that he is "corrupt," or is ruling the country by "military means," it is obvious that some members of the Foreign Relations Committee and the Democratic Policy Council are motivated primarily by a desire to wreck President Nixon's program of Vietnamization. Vice President Agnew told it like it is when he said that to these reckless politicians, "predictions of disaster are politically more important than bringing an end to the war."

But the men who are working to overthrow Thieu are a much more serious threat to Vietnamization than the prophets of gloom and doom. As was recently reported by the *Wall Street Journal*, not even the staff investigators for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee have gone that far, because, they say, "the real choice is between President Thieu and *a state of political anarchy.*" The *Journal* then points out: "The only objective that anarchy advances would be a Communist victory," and asks, "Is that what the senators want?"

Apparently, that's just what the advocates of a leaderless and "broad-based" coalition are rooting for. And it most certainly is what the Communists have been demanding since the Paris peace talks started: "Pull out all your troops, and kick the props from under the Saigon government as you're leaving." □

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A liberal, middle-aged, first-generation American Jew listens to Lawrence Welk, talks to his daughter, gets into a street fight, helps his mother move and tells how he feels today, in June of 1970

Notes from A Jewish Diary

NATHAN PERLMUTTER

MY SHAVING my long sideburns that night was an act of protest, and the lather of both can be attributed to Lawrence Welk. Had my chair been less deep and less comfortable, I'd have changed the channel. But it wasn't and now, here he was in my livingroom, "uh-two," by God, a talking cornstalk. I recall thinking a smile, a patronizing one of course, and thinking too, let him be, watch him awhile, you'll better understand those *Reader's Digest* subscribers who voted Nixon.

He played an old Jimmy Dorsey number in the Jimmy Dorsey style. I remembered it; he played it well. Next came Clyde McCoy's "Sugar Blues," trembling trombone, the works; it was good. He recreated the swing and the blues of the Thirties and early Forties, and as warmly and appealingly as a serendipitously found old photograph album. His music wafted me back to my youth. Finally a Tommy Dorsey favorite—three vocalists, two crew-cut All-America types, and a pretty pert-nosed and freckled songstress. That was it! I rose, strode into the bathroom and in a declaration of comradeship with my own generation and its style, I shaved an inch from my sideburns, thereby saying no! to creeping hippieism.

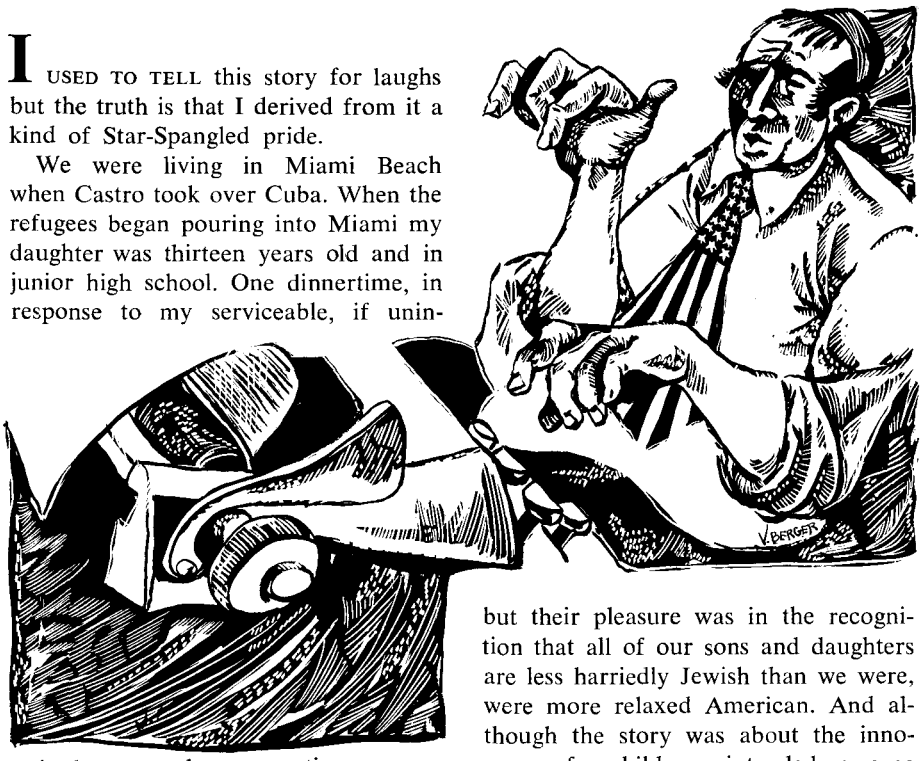
I USED TO TELL this story for laughs but the truth is that I derived from it a kind of Star-Spangled pride.

We were living in Miami Beach when Castro took over Cuba. When the refugees began pouring into Miami my daughter was thirteen years old and in junior high school. One dinnertime, in response to my serviceable, if uninspired, parental conversation opener: "How was school today?," she replied that there were now over forty Cuban children in her school.

"Really?"

"Yes, and they have such crazy names. Menendes, Morales, Gonzales. . . ." She paused, and then, thoughtfully, "but some of them have American names . . . Goldstein, Schwartz."

My audiences, being largely first-generation American, had personal memories of the sometime burden of a Jewish name in years past. Their laughter was in response to my daughter's innocence,



but their pleasure was in the recognition that all of our sons and daughters are less harriedly Jewish than we were, were more relaxed American. And although the story was about the innocence of a child, my intended message was of Melting Pots and of an America that has been good.

America has indeed been good, but the innocence was mine. So nervously American are we, that in gladness that our children are not, I missed the real point of my own story. My daughter didn't even know she was Jewish!

More accurately, she didn't *feel* Jewish, and if you don't feel Jewish how can you *be* Jewish?

There's a relevant quote attributed to Jan Masaryk. He was deploring the low key of patriotism pre-World War II. "Czechs are for the Czechs and Slavs for the Slavs. No one is for Czechoslovakia—except for the Jews. They are our only Czechoslovakians.

Jews used to repeat that quotation boastfully and, I suspect, propagandistically. The intended-to-please nervous chatter of an unpacked guest hoping to stay. He's more Roman than the Romans, more Communist than the Communists. Understandable, but today there are still Czechs in Czechoslovakia, and still Slavs in Czechoslovakia, but there aren't many Jews left.

The story of my little girl was more sad than it was funny.

SOME MONTHS AGO, several young people invaded the International Affairs Center at Harvard. They ransacked it and roughed up clerks and secretaries, some of whom were middle-aged women. Subsequently the invaders declared that their assault on the Center's personnel was intended to convey some small sense of the far more heinous brutality the U.S. is visiting upon the Vietnamese. The Weathermen's end: peace: Their means: violence.

That incident and scores of similar

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ones involving young people whose idealism frequently mitigates judgment of their violence, recalls to me a night, several years ago, in Cologne.

I was winding up a month's tour of schools and Army bases, observing, as a member of an Anti-Defamation League mission, the Federal Republic's democratization program. On this particular night, the business of the mission over with, I was the guest of a high-ranking democratization officer. A friend of his, in the same program, was present and our conversation of cabbages, kings and the state of the world was generously lubricated by schnapps and beer chasers. The Germans were good conversationalists, good drinkers, and both of them had a value system that was socially compassionate and politically liberal. Both had been Nazis.

At one point one of them spoke of the condition of the Negro in the American South. His words were sensitive and they were wise and as I sat there considering him, his gentle features became blurred and as in a double exposure, they receded and emerged in alternating focus with the man as a Nazi officer.

"How come with all of these values you were a Nazi?" My voice, probably thick, was conversational, not that of an adversary. I liked him.

Softly, like my own, conversationally —he too was too schnappsed to dissemble—"I was an idealist."

The intervening years have been sobering. Likely he was an idealist. In an imperfect, perhaps even rotting Weimar Republic he yearned for a Germany pure of purpose and for Germans pure of mind, and so like the idealistic Weathermen, he did his thing.

Somewhere I once read: "There are no ends. There are only means."

LAST JUNE I attended a commencement exercise at which a sizable number of the graduating students wore over their gowns, sheets with stenciled red fists, the symbol of violent revolution. Both the chairman of the Board of Trustees and the valedictorian might have been sent by central casting. Their scripts too were predictable. The chairman, the kind who addressed you-people-out-there, recounted the reforms the university had made, allowed as how there was still a job to be done, suggested the wisdom of patience etc. Parents applauded heartily. It was now the valedictorian's turn. Where the chairman was sure in his manner, the valedictorian was in his virtue; where the older man patronized his audience, the younger man lectured it. He prosecuted the university, flayed adults, scorned the professed values of the parents. If the students' applause was a thermometer, their contempt for mom and dad ran high. From mom and dad's section of the amphitheater, applause was scattered, thinly.

After the ceremonies, among the many chatting groups of students, parents and faculty, I marked one in particular. It was a short, over-dressed woman, standing on tiptoes, puckering a kiss for planting on her tall son's cheek. The boy was one of the students who had chosen to wear the blood red fist. In seconds he would perfunctorily bend to accommodate her, but at that moment he had not yet decided he would. His henna-haired mama, fairly aglow with pride, mercifully did not note (I'd like to think) the boy's expression of impatient hostility.

The vignette reminded me of two stories, one, from Columbia University by way of a reporter, and the other from the ghetto—the one in Poland—by way of my mother's storytelling.

First, Columbia. On campus during the SDS takeover and police bust of a year ago, a young combatant, spotting an adult passerby, screamed at him, "Die, old man, die!" The "old man" was about forty. There was no indication that he was on one side or the other, or that he was an administrator, professor, reporter, or anything or anybody in particular. He was, however, clearly, an adult and so, "Die, old man, die!". . .

My mother's story is of the youth to whom the devil offered the satisfaction of any wish he might make, the sole condition being the boy's delivering his mother's heart. Propelled by fantasies of sublime gratification, the boy hurried home, murdered his mother, cut her heart out, placed it on a tray, and than ran to present it to the devil. On the way he stumbled and fell and his mother's heart rolled into the street. As he reached for it to continue with it to his tryst, the heart spoke. Softly it said: "Did you hurt yourself, my son?"

There is a tension between the generations that exceeds those of the last several generations of parents and their young adult children. Indeed on some fronts, the generational tension has flared, as skirmishes do between nations. Perhaps it's just as well for the future of our species that in our generational war, albeit the enemy is adrenalized by youth, our side is sedated by parenthood.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I beat up an older man. I was in my early forties, he in his mid-fifties.

It was a Sunday, about 7:30 in the morning, in the Yorkville section of Manhattan and I was going for a *Times*. Our news dealer was closed, so I continued walking. On the next block, the man, who in minutes I would be pummeling, was coming toward me, carrying the Sunday *Times*.

"Where'd you get the paper?"

He stopped despite it being very cold: "You go down two blocks, and on the corner . . ." etc.

I thanked him, he said you're welcome, and he repeated the directions. I remember thinking, "polite man." He had a thick German accent. He jaywalked across the street and I continued, but in a moment I saw an open candy store across the street. It sold papers and I started toward it.

Now it began happening. The man, who had already crossed the street, turned and as our eyes met, I felt prompted to explain why I wasn't following his patiently given directions. "This place is open," pointing to the candy store. His raised-voice answer was, or incredulously I thought it was, "Don't go in there. It's Yiddish. Jews own it."

In real life, at least in mine, tense moments have not been distinguished by inspired prose. What I said was, "What was that?" and heart pounding, I changed course to walk toward him.

"It's a Yiddish store. Jews own it. Stinking Jews. Don't go in there." Facial expressions italicized his intonated hatred.

Early Sunday morning in Manhattan is always unreal. But this! My own neighborhood, albeit German Yorkville, a loud Jew hater replete with German accent and me, whose career had been spent in the employ of the Anti-Defamation League and the American Jewish Committee. My shock ebbed quickly—as quickly hate rose in me. "You sonofabitch. I'm Jewish, damn you, and if you weren't older than me, I'd punch you in the nose." I was still in control, my threat conditional. →

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I'm not sure precisely what he answered. It's not that I have forgotten, that same night I wasn't word-for-word sure. But what it added up to was crystal clear. He asserted that Jews are filth and also retorted that no Jew would or could lay a hand on him, and if I thought I could to try it.

What followed will read like, and indeed was, pure Street-and-Smith pulp. I mean that "the next thing I knew," his hands were up to his face and my right fist was withdrawing from his suddenly red cheek. Conscious now that I had actually punched him, I became conscious too that my head, my heart, even my arms and legs were one furious furnace of hate and that I would consume him in it. "I followed with a left," and "he started going down." The helplessness of his crumbling fueled, rather than appeased me and I pummeled more punches onto his head. Suddenly in the Sunday morning quiet, like an off-stage chorus on cue, there sounded shouts of "Stop him!," but no one did.

They should have stopped me. All that they knew was that a younger man was beating up an older man, but this is New York, where Kitty Genovese lived and was publicly murdered. Now he lay before me, hands covering his head. I kicked his legs aside, stepped over him and started toward the near-by candy store.

The "chorus," some six, maybe eight, early risers, was grouped in front of the store. As a kind of rationale in response to their cries moments ago of "Stop him!," and also, I remember thinking, to allay the fear of me in their eyes, I boomed, "He's an antisemite. Called me a stinking Jew." They said nothing, and as in a scene from a Western movie when the bad guy moves toward the barroom's swinging doors, they parted to make way for me as I strode into the candy store.

Inside were the two owners and a young man who seemed to be the son of one of them. I said "*Times*" to the youth; he handed one to me and looked, I remember imagining, sympathetic. Again my voice, in explanation rather than reportage: "He called you all stinking Jews. He's turning people away from you—because you're Jewish." The owner, on my, the customer's, side of the counter, answered in a half whisper, "Shh, lower it." I recall thinking, not contemptuously, but just thinking, that he didn't want the chorus, now reformed at the door, to know that they were Jews! Then, as I was paying the owner behind the counter, he spoke. In a voice too loud, a voice pitched for hearing by the chorus behind me, he more declared than said, "We're not Jews!"

An hour or so later, back in my apartment, I received a long distance call from my brother. We must have talked for ten minutes and I never once mentioned what had happened. I had completely forgotten it!

Of course it returned after I hung up, and my wife and I that day and for days thereafter, hashed and rehashed, analyzed and dissected my wild morning minutes.

Were the candy store people really not Jewish? I didn't give a damn. It was irrelevant. If they were and were hiding it, I also didn't care. They were merely props, not *dramatis personnae* in what had happened.

Something else. I knew, that very afternoon, that had I been walking a street in Greenwich Village, or Brooklyn Heights, or anywhere other than German Yorkville, and the same man said the same thing in the same accent, I'd never have responded as I did. Under such circumstances, it somehow wouldn't have mattered, not all that much. And even in Yorkville, had the same man said the same thing but in a French or an English accent, it also would never have burst into what it did. The combustibles, the *only* combustibles, were a German-accented antisemite in Germantown.

I also thought about his age. I said mid-fifties, but for all that I actually knew, he might have been sixty. What of the morality of a 44-year-old beating up a man the near side of social security eligibility? I thought about it, but I had no problem with it. This is the way my mind ran, and indeed runs: Why should his age have been his shield? Did sixty-year-old Nazis disqualify themselves from acting against Jews? Or for that matter, were eighteen-year-old Nazis to be absolved of their crimes because they were "too young to understand"? And 35-year-old Nazis, should they have been fought with a turned cheek because they were breadwinners for warm and loving families? No, I had no problem with what I had done and in a satisfied, almost peaceful frame of mind conjectured that I'd have beaten the hell out of him if he were seventy!

The question begs itself in the writing of this as it did in the thinking of it. What if he had been a burly, younger man? Would I have reacted as I did? I think I would have. More candidly, less "modestly," I know I would have.

But there were less academic questions, questions of chilling realism. When in two minutes I left the candy store, he had already gone. What if he had still been there, unconscious or dead? What if in falling he had hit his head and been killed? Or if he had a bad heart? I thought about that and about my career and about my wife. The end line of my thoughts, however, was that had I ignored the man, his face and his words, I'd have felt worse —longer.

MY FRIEND is a militant radical. He's also brilliant and perverse. He was explaining and justifying acts of racial violence. "You must bear in mind," he admonished me, "these people have been locked into poverty for generations, as if it were an inheritance or a curse or something, while on their TV sets the good life is sung and for all they know, lived by everyone but themselves. Wouldn't it bug you too? Hungry, poor, they're without any education that's worth a damn, just like their fathers and mothers were before them, and they know damn well that their own kids, no matter the crap from the Urban Coalition, are also going to be functional dummies. Add the frustration of political powerlessness and economic powerlessness. . . ."

I interrupted him, and unwound my own litany, i.e., that a society that tolerates violence is a society headed for

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anarchy, and besides the Negro isn't the world's first poverty-ridden, inadequately educated and powerless human, and what's more, even today he doesn't have an exclusive on these conditions, and if every group with a legitimate bitch emulated the Black Panthers. . . ."

"Who's talking about the Black Panthers? I was talking about the mountain boys in the North Carolina Ku Klux Klan."

On other occasions he has said much the same thing while justifying the Panthers. The charm that distinguishes him from the current crop of sentimental radicals lies in the fact that his mercilessness is not strained. He's for the misbegotten engaging in guerrilla warfare regardless of their race, color or creed.

But the point of this entry is not my friend.

He had described several objective conditions, i.e., poverty, lack of education, powerlessness, and I, Pavlovian, word-associated black. Most of you reading his interrupted statement did too, despite the same conditions applying equally to the rank and file of the Ku Klux Klan. So my point is us.

We have been far less equivocal about Mississippi violence than about ghetto violence, and the failing lies in our hypocrisy. Because Mississippi is distant we see clearly brutish men victimizing innocent men. Being sane people we hold them morally accountable. In the nearby black slums, an altogether different stimulus to our guilt and on our haplessness, we complicatedly see not men, but "blacks," not lynching, but "acting out their anguish," not on men but on other "blacks" or "whites," and we transform both brute and brutalized from the he or she of them, into sociological types. It's as if they were, unlike Klansmen, non-people and consequently, unlike Klansmen, not morally responsible. So it is that white thugs are depraved and black ones are deprived.

Some years ago, in the middle Fifties, I attended a Ku Klux Klan meeting. We drove some six hours north and west out of Miami, past the Cork Screw Swamp, up beyond Tampa to a cow pasture in a place called Inverness. The usual clearing, the usual platform and row of chairs for robed "dignitaries," the huge wooden cross, and set in a deep purple sky, a yellow, postal-card moon.

"God stamped ugliness on the face of the Jew for the same reason he put rattlers on a snake." Cheers and whoops, and from the audience seated in their automobiles, appreciative horn honking.

"Nigger, he black on the outside, white on the inside. Jew, he white on the outside, black on the inside." More cheers, more whoops, more horn honking.

After it was all over we joined our car to a line that snaked across the pasture, onto a state road, and drove south toward Tampa. Shortly one of those ubiquitous roadside signs, EATS, appeared, and we broke file, as did several other cars, for a coffee break.

Inside my companion and I sat down facing each other on the wall side of a table for four. In no time, two Klansmen sat down alongside of us, facing each other, and for all appearances, we were a congenial foursome. The waitress came along. "What'll you have?" We all ordered coffee.

My friend and I talked artificially about the distance to Tampa; our companions about the "speaking" they had just attended. When the coffee arrived the man at my side turned to me, his leather-tanned outdoor face in friendly repose, "Would you pass the sugar, friend?"

"Sure," and smiling back, I did.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

I thought of an hour ago, the calumnies of Jews, the brutish and primitive whoops and hollers they evoked; and here we were pleasing, thank youing, and you're welcoming each other.

Of course, the Klansman didn't know that I was Jewish, but on another similar occasion in a courthouse in Miami with an American Nazi Party member we found ourselves arriving at the same door at the same time. He knew me and I knew him. We both stopped to let each other in, not in mock courtesy but in reflex reaction politeness. He held the door for me and automatically I said "thank you," and he, "you're welcome."

Interesting, that chivalry in America is associated with the South, in Asia, politeness with Japanese, and in Europe with the Germans. Sadism, too.

2-C is a clean, three-room railroad flat in a dirty, Brooklyn tenement house. After 42 years of living in it, my mother has moved in with my aunt on Coney Island. Her former neighborhood was once all-Jewish. It is now overwhelmingly Puerto Rican and Negro, and with Mom's departure, the building is all Puerto Rican and Negro. I used to tease her, wanting her to move, that she was the "only Anglo" left in the building. (Compared with my mother's, Molly Goldberg's accent sounds like Julie Andrews'.)

But she wouldn't. As she put it, "the stones know me here." Also, up and down the street, there were her friends, a thinning assortment of elderly Jewish widows. Importantly too, 2-C was the place to which she could always return following stays with us. In a sense, that I understood well, it was her sure refuge from dependency on "the children." It was her turf; it represented her independence.

In the past year, however, the window-barred apartment was broken into twice. Her valuables, consisting of several sheets, pillow cases and a blanket, were stolen. Also stolen were the contents of her small refrigerator, including half empty Coca Cola bottles. Mom, though she minimized it, "it's time already," was frightened. Then my uncle died and my aunt, her sister, was alone too. Now they live together in an apartment house with an elevator on Coney Island.

It's the moving from 2-C, however, that I want to write about.

Forty-two years is a long time. From that apartment my brother and I walked off to kindergarten, to war, to the marriage altar. On the day of moving it was Mom, who had been always

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waiting, who was at last walking out. In the center of the bare-walled middle room stood several cord-tied grocery and drugstore cardboard boxes containing miscellaneous dishes and pots, pictures, and a motley assortment of broken toys and tattered dolls long discarded and forgotten by her grandchildren.

The fewness and the raggedyness of the cartons seemed to mock the meaning of her life. Was that all it took to wrap up 42 years?

As we left, I tried to etch the scene in my memory, but surreptitiously so as to minimize the occasion. We walked down the stairs, past doors and landings that were familiar, but whose occupants were strangers, and came out onto the street. There, by the stoop, in symbolism any self-respecting fiction editor would reject, lay a dead rat.

I later had a second thought about it. "At least," I thought, "it was dead."

RECENTLY, in San Francisco, I saw a Ruby Keeler double feature, both parts of which dated back to the Thirties. In one, forgettably titled, she played opposite Al Jolson; the second feature was something called *Flirtation Walk* with Dick Powell as a boyish West Point cadet. When the movie let out and the lights went on I noted that I was probably the oldest of several dozen viewers. It didn't surprise me. Throughout the two movies, where I merely smiled my derision, the audience greeted Busby Berkeley pretensions, ingenue posturings and you-mixed-up-little-fool-I-love-you lines, with delighted guffaws and good-natured oh-God-no! protests. Their game—and it was fair—was whatever was phony, and the scripts were well-stocked preserves.

Several weeks later I was among young people again. By young people, I mean late teens and early twenties. This time the context was political and rather than being joined in an audience, we were engaged in conversation, or "dialogue" as they preferred to call it. At one point of ruptured frustration, a young man of learning and sensitivity desperately shot at me, "You wouldn't understand. Your generation hasn't suffered what we have. Yours was easy!" I might more effectively have pleaded the Fifth, but instead testified briefly to the Depression and to World War II. It was to no avail. The complicated reasons aside, I think it was partly because World War II, to the under-thirties, is really an old John Wayne movie on the Late Show, or it's both parts of a campy double feature, so badly done, the subject is trivial.

DR. BERNARD LANDER, *professor of sociology . . . contended that indifference to Israel registered "by a considerable proportion of Jewish college students in the late 1950s is now being transformed into outright hostility."*

Israel, he said, "is part of the Establishment" and is a major target of hate and attack by the New Left, which in the main is being led by youths of Jewish background."

"It is becoming commonplace," he added, "for Jewish youths to sell Al Fatah stamps on college campuses and for young men and women of excellent Jewish homes to preach New Left propaganda of hate of Israel."

—New York Times, *Nov. 29, 1969*

Needless to say, these young people do not consider themselves antisemitic, do consider themselves objective. This "objectivity" about ethnicity is why Jews, and Negroes too, are dissolving while blacks are taking shape. Blacks are defining themselves and Jews, like Negroes, are no longer quite sure who they are. Jews and Negroes have in common that they talk of right and wrong. Not much group identity in that. Blacks, like Mrs. Peachum, bellow, "First feed the face, then talk to me of right and wrong." There, right smack in the pit of the stomach, is fourteen carat group identity.

Blacks don't much give a damn about your attitude toward race. Their point, a strategically good one, is that it's not nearly so important as the effect of your behavior on the poor and on the politically powerless, for poverty and powerlessness are the de facto definitions of race.

But Jews no longer ask each other if the mugged merchant was Jewish. "What difference does his religion make?" Fed and forty, we are liberated from our groupness and have become objective. That's why, when blacks were solidly for Ocean Hill's school administration last year in New York and most Negroes were discreetly silent, Jews split. Blacks responded to where black was at "the community."

Jews, on the other hand, cerebrated, despite the fact that the de facto definition of "New York school teacher" is Jew. Similarly many Jewish liberals have yet to voice rhetoric in behalf of ghetto merchants which either compares decibel or indignation, their statements on the "urban problem."

This despite their knowing—and everybody else knowing—that "merchant," and "elderly white tenement-dweller" are, in New York, de facto synonyms for Jew.

Ghetto-locked, we Jews had a *Yiddishe neshuma*. We're free now of the ghetto but we left our soul feeling behind. It's not languishing. It's alive and well and living with our successors there, and only its name is changed: black soul. In its place the *Times* story's Jews have objectivity, and who ever heard of building a nation, a culture, or even a good softball team, on objectivity? □

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THE ECONOMY

What the Market Says

HENRY HAZLITT

On May 26, the average price of the twenty Dow-Jones industrial stocks fell ten points to 631. This was a total decline of 354 points, or 36 per cent, from the level of 985 reached in December 1968. It was the deepest stock market drop in 32 years.

It also brought stocks to the lowest prices in seven and a half years. And these have been years of inflation, during which, for example, consumer prices have risen an average of 27 per cent. In addition, though in 1962 corporate profits after taxes were $31 billion, they were running in the first three months of 1970 at an annual rate of $46 billion.

Why, then, that tremendous break?

Everyone, of course, has his own personal mixtures of reasons for buying or selling. Exact quantitative measurements of those reasons are not possible. But reasonable presumptions can be made. We need merely look at the factors that are bound, soon or late, to affect stock prices. Here are some of the more important:

1) When President Nixon was elected, he announced that he was going to balance the budget and to slow down inflation. These statements were credited, and were supported by Federal Reserve policy. The national stock of money (currency outside banks plus demand deposits) which had risen at an annual rate of 7.3 per cent in 1967 and 1968, increased only 2.3 per cent in 1969. If time deposits are counted, the total money stock actually shrank.

Now when an inflation has been going on for more than thirty years, and is expected to continue, any halt, or even slowdown, is almost bound to bring on what is called a "stabilization crisis." This is because the expectations of further inflation are already built into present speculative prices. As soon as these expectations are disappointed, such prices collapse. Even if corporation earnings reports had not already turned sour, there was bound to be a collapse of the over-optimistic ratio of stock prices (particularly of glamor stocks) to existing corporate earnings.

This is not a reason against stopping an inflation, but against ever starting one. An inflation has to be accelerative to continue to have any stimulating effect. Withdrawal symptoms can be agonizing.

2) The riots in the last few months, on the streets and campuses, the vandalism, arson, violence and tolerated defiance of authority and law, created mounting uneasiness at home and abroad about the whole political stability of the United States. This of course reflected itself in falling market prices.

3) Union demands and wage increases have now got out of all responsible control. The compounded wage increases of 41.69 per cent over the next three years recently extorted from newspapers by the New York City typographical unions is merely the latest example.

More serious than the actual increases is the growing realization that employers have been reduced to near-helplessness. They have been reduced to this impotence by the Wagner-Taft-Hartley Act, which compels employers to "bargain collectively" with (i.e., to make concessions to) specified unions. The employers have no assurance even of local police protection if they reject unreasonable union demands and try to hire replacements. It is years since any large corporation has dared to attempt this. Until this situation is faced, the outlook for reasonable wage-rate control is dark.

4) In spite of the recent reduction in the tax surcharge, the present corporation income tax rate around 50 per cent is still practically the highest in history. The burden is much greater even than it appears to be, because under inflation legally permissable depreciation charges are hopelessly inadequate. The corporations are being taxed on higher profits than they are in fact earning. On top of this, the repeal of the 7 per cent investment tax credit (a major economic blunder) is in effect a permanent increase in the corporate tax rate. This was bound to reflect itself, other things being equal, in a drop in the price of corporation shares. In addition, the repeal is an unnecessary discouragement to new investment, especially to investment in cost-reducing machinery.

5) The increase in the capital-gains tax also hurt the market. The capital-gains tax has long been a serious deterrent to investment. In a period of inflation it is a tax on nonexistent real gains. Its effect is to increase the violence of market fluctuations. A much lower and more realistic capital-gains tax would in the long run be more productive even of government revenue, in addition to having less damaging effects on the economy.

6) Inflation, by creating excessive incentives to borrow, can finally lead to a "liquidity crisis"—in other words, a widespread inability to meet debts when they fall due. This in turn involves the danger of big bankruptcies that can touch off further bankruptcies.

7) Another important market depressant in the last year and a half has been the growth of anti-business sentiment, reflected in various forms of harassment, including Naderism and agitation for more and more so-called "consumer protection" laws.

8) One outstanding irony is that throughout almost the entire bear market (until May 6) the Federal Reserve Board insisted on a margin requirement for stocks of 80 per cent, thus severely limiting the funds available for new buying. Under present conditions the 65 per cent margin requirement is still grossly excessive.

9) One factor hard to gauge, but substantial, is declining confidence abroad in the future of the dollar.

This is a long list, but there is one factor that is prominently not on it. This is the war in Vietnam, which has received major emphasis in almost every newspaper story "explaining" the market decline. Even Robert W. Haack, President of the New York Stock Exchange, recently declared: "The Vietnam war is the single most important factor so far as the stock market is concerned." But the war in Vietnam was going on all during the period when the market was booming, and in 1967 and 1968 with more Americans involved than now. Of course the American

(Continues on page 693)

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LETTER FROM BONN

Willy Brandt Turns East

NORBERT MUHLEN

WILLY BRANDT is a popular figure with much of the American press, because he is a leader of the Social Democratic Party (SPD), a "liberal" party as compared to the "conservative" Christian Democratic Union (CDU) that ruled West Germany from its inception in 1949. Postwar Germany, under the leadership of Konrad Adenauer, had become part and parcel of the Western world. In the early postwar years, the SPD had campaigned for a neutral Germany and denounced every step taken to bring Bonn into the Western alliance. But starting with the Kennedy years, the CDU came under attack, Adenauer himself was criticized for the "rigidity" of his stance. Willy Brandt was favored by John F. Kennedy and the Democratic leaders who followed him, as a German leader who would be more "flexible."

Brandt has been a Socialist all his life. But he has wavered between the left-wing socialism which he espoused early on and right-wing socialism following his return to Germany from exile in Scandinavia during World War II. He hitched his wagon then to Berlin's great anti-Communist and pro-American mayor, Ernst Reuter, a right-wing Social Democrat who tried but failed to seize the leadership from the anti-American Kurt Schumacher. Brandt became mayor of Berlin after Reuter's death and epitomized, if briefly, the struggle for freedom against Soviet aggression in the days when the Wall was going up.

Brandt's model for a future Germany is along the Swedish lines; he was much impressed by what he saw in Sweden during the War. But the left-wing Social Democrats—about one-third of the membership—look to Tito Yugoslavia and the Dubcek Czechoslovakia (which never was), for their blueprints for a future Germany. So long as Brandt's government depends on the support of the tiny Free Democratic Party (FDP)—which is the very junior member of the present ruling coalition—there should be very few changes in domestic social and economic policies. But in the international field there is considerably more elbow room and it is here that Willy Brandt is diverging in fundamental ways from the policies of the preceding CDU governments.

Brandt is not an original or profound thinker, but he is a shrewd tactician. And he has the knack of surrounding himself with advisers who crank out the ideas which he then adopts and presents as his own. Most of the pro-American mentors of his Berlin days are dead, and he is now surrounded by new brain-trusters of more radical backgrounds.

Leo Bauer, editor of *Neue Gesellschaft* (New Society), the Socialist Party's theoretical magazine, is the only one of the braintrusters not to occupy a high government post. He serves, unofficially, as one of the Chancellor's chief consultants, idea-men and speechwriters. In the 1930s Bauer was an important member of the German Communist Party. He was active in the Communist espionage organization and was an intimate of the American Soviet spy, Noel Field. After the war, Bauer worked as a Soviet propagandist in East Germany but was arrested during the Stalinist purges of the satellite leaderships in the early Fifties. Upon his release, he moved to West Germany and joined the Social Democratic Party. He travels frequently to Belgrade and is an apostle of Titoism (when German security officers recently reported all this to Brandt, he is said to have roared with laughter).

Egon Bahr, a second and even more influential member of Brandt's entourage, is the Secretary of the Chancellery, which is the West German equivalent of the head of the National Security Council. He is always at the Chancellor's elbow. Bahr, who is now 47 years old, started his career as a journalist for two Soviet papers in East Berlin right after the war. Later, he crossed over to the free part of the city and worked for a while for U.S.-sponsored media. In 1957, he formally joined the SPD and five years later emerged as the author of a new policy toward East Germany. "Change through rapprochement" (with the Communist countries) was how he summed it up. This would be brought about by a "policy of small steps." Brandt has endorsed Bahr's *Ostpolitik*.

Above these young men looms the impressive, enigmatic figure of the 64-year-old SPD party boss, Herbert Wehner. Wehner, who was born into a Socialist working-class family, became a Communist at an early age and rose slowly through the Party ranks, first in Germany, later in exile. He was sentenced to prison for sabotage in wartime Sweden where he acted as a Soviet agent. Back in Russia after the war he confessed to disillusionment with Stalinism and quit the Party. He returned to West Germany, joined the SPD and rose rapidly to the top. In the early postwar days, Wehner was a vitriolic critic of Adenauer's pro-Western, pro-NATO policies. But in the mid-Sixties, Wehner changed his party's course. He became more moderate in his statements and made friends with conservative politicians. A few years later he steered his party into the "Grand Coalition" with the CDU, building up—for himself, and for his party as well—that semblance of respectability that appealed to middle-class voters.

BUT ONCE in power, Wehner shifted course again. In 1968, he had declared that if Bonn recognized East Germany it would be tantamount to putting a rope around its own neck. This year, he is calling for, and actively promoting, that very course. And Willy Brandt is moving toward recognition while trying to camouflage the fact that that is really in the works.

Bonn now appears to be willing to enter into a "special relationship" with the Pankow regime, to recognize its illegal authority (the Hallstein doctrine is a thing of the past), and to renounce its responsibility for the fate of the Germans on the far side of Walter Ulbricht's Wall.

On his first formal meeting with Communist dignitaries in the East German city of Erfurt, and on their return visit in the West German city of Kassel, Brandt demonstrated his respect for "the other Germany" by symbolic acts which mean so much in Communist

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eyes. By standing at attention as an East German army band struck up its official anthem at Buchenwald, and with the official hoisting of the East German flag in Kassel, Brandt has conceded the legitimacy of what was up to now only the illegally occupied Soviet Zone. The demand for reunification in freedom, after free elections in *both* Germanys, has been dropped.

Brandt told the Germans that his aim, next to relaxing tensions, was to alleviate the lot of the East German people. But when at Erfurt, East German citizens cheered him as a symbol of their hope for liberty he barely dared wave back. After his departure the demonstrators were rounded up and arrested by the Communist police—and he did not protest. In short, West German resistance to East Germany has turned into appeasement.

This legitimization of East Germany was precisely one of the steps Moscow demanded as a precondition for negotiating with Bonn on a "treaty to renounce force." Translated into practical terms, this means West German acceptance of the Brezhnev doctrine, even in its application to East Germany and Berlin. From there the road leads to that Moscow-planned European Security Conference which Brandt espouses with considerably greater enthusiasm than his West European allies.

The ultimate aim of the USSR, of course, is to replace the United States as the protective power in Europe. Brandt himself does not want this to happen, and therefore he opposes any reduction of the American garrison on West German soil *now*. It provides him with an umbrella under which he can get better terms from the Soviets. The left-wing of the SPD, which favors eventual German neutrality, concurs in this.

NOT EVERYONE within the SPD agrees with this policy. The tough and brilliant Secretary of Defense, Helmut Schmidt, has repeatedly warned against making one-sided concessions and weakening NATO's strength. Walter Scheel, the Foreign Secretary, also has grown increasingly doubtful of the policy which he had advocated before joining the cabinet, but as the representative of the minority FDP, he has only a small voice in the government. He was not even allowed to participate in the meetings with the Soviet and East Berlin regimes. The CDU and its Bavarian affiliate, the CSU, have been ineffectual so far in their opposition to the *Ostpolitik*, although two first-rate fighters among their leaders—Franz Joseph Strauss, the Bavarian politician, and Gerhard Stoltenberg, a young party hopeful—both stand ready to attack.

Bonn propagandists advertise the appeasement policy as "normalization of relationships with the East" and Americans, in particular, are assured that Brandt's Bonn is only doing what Nixon's Washington is also trying to do—to replace confrontations with negotiations.

But the first German steps on that road have already shown that this is a spurious comparison. Brandt has neither the power nor, perhaps, the determination to negotiate on a tit-for-tat basis; up to now, he has only offered to give up his own bargaining assets, plus making some concessions.

Slowly the line between the "free world" and "totalitarian regimes," which Germans had seen so clearly up to now, is being eradicated; the view that there are few, if any basic differences between the Eastern and the Western superpowers is encouraged.

In some respects, Germany under Brandt comes in where France under de Gaulle left off. Unlike de Gaulle, Brandt does not disregard the role played by Communist ideology in the Soviet Union. Also in contrast to the former French leader, Brandt has never denounced "the Anglo-Saxons"; he remains on particularly friendly terms with the British Labor government which, in fact, played a role in the birth of his own. And he leans over backward to compliment the Americans and assure them of his loyalty, since he must rely on their goodwill and support *at this time*.

But Brandt's *Ostpolitik* is as dangerous, if not more dangerous, than de Gaulle's Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals. Unless a check is put on it by the German people themselves and by the NATO allies—and the policy is still reversible—Willy Brandt could be preparing the way for the destruction of the Western defenses in Europe and the Soviet penetration of the European West. □

Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Ben Roth Agency

"Watch, ring, wig, denture . . ."

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CAMBODIA

Missing Element in the Debate

CHRISTOPHER EMMET

IT SEEMS CLEAR that despite the extent of opposition to the Vietnam war, President Nixon was surprised by the reaction to his move into Cambodia. So great was the protest pressure that the President felt compelled to promise that all U.S. troops will be out of Cambodia by June 30, which may not allow enough time to get full military value from the move.

The spectacular wave of protests arose despite the apparent reasonableness of destroying the North Vietnamese sanctuaries, which had long threatened Saigon from an ostensibly neutral country. At least the President's action should seem reasonable to anyone who accepted, however reluctantly, the necessity for Vietnamization and a staged U.S. withdrawal rather than a precipitate retreat; and a large majority of Americans had accepted this, according to the opinion polls.

If this theory was accepted, surely it made sense, after the growing Communist invasion of Cambodia, to buy time by destroying those sanctuaries. By this bold and unexpected action, the President could also show Hanoi that his warnings against new aggressive actions were not empty threats. By doing so he also showed Hanoi that the President's power to take new initiatives was not completely paralyzed by his domestic opposition, as many believed. The question now is whether he can make this demonstration stick.

This then is the present fateful confrontation. How far was it predictable or preventable? The following reasons suggest themselves:

In his inaugural address, the President said we are entering an era of negotiation rather than confrontation in our dealings with the Soviet Union and the Communist world. This relatively optimistic theme has persisted in the President's public references to the USSR ever since, including the press conference on Cambodia where he confidently predicted success for the SALT talks.

In wholly separating the problem of Vietnam from U.S.-Soviet relations the President has followed in the footsteps of President Johnson. A main motive is to improve the atmosphere for negotiations with the Soviet Union in the SALT talks, on the Middle East, on Berlin and, ultimately even on Indochina. Doubtless, there was also the hope of reducing liberal opposition to the war in Vietnam by encouraging optimism about negotiations with the Soviets.

That, however, is not our concern for the moment. The point is that if the Vietnam war is not treated as part of our worldwide confrontation, or at least competition, with the Soviet Union then it becomes a purely local confrontation with a small country ten thousand miles away. On that basis, the cost of fifty thousand American lives, and some $30 billion a year, would seem to be out of proportion.

True, the role of Red China in aiding or instigating Hanoi has occasionally been stressed in some U.S. Government speeches, but the great setback to China's power from the Cultural Revolution has robbed the Chinese menace of much of its credibility. Moreover, Vietnam's traditional fear of China is often cited as a reason why we should treat Hanoi as another Yugoslavia.

President Nixon recognized the American feeling of frustration and futility when he made his first big speech on Vietnam in May 1969. Hence he concentrated on explaining American plans for withdrawal, rather than explaining why we are there at all. He announced the staged withdrawal of American troops and the whole Vietnamization program. That speech and program, however, did not succeed in stemming the antiwar agitation, because the President did not fully explain why the manner, method and timing of U.S. withdrawal was of vital importance to America's foreign policy around the world. A natural reaction was to feel that *if* the U.S. was leaving Vietnam anyway, and *if* we were reconciled to an eventual victory for Hanoi, why delay the American withdrawal?

The antiwar agitation, therefore, was never reduced or contained until the President's second major speech on Vietnam on November 3, 1969. In that speech he eloquently explained the vital importance to American prestige, honor and national interests which the *timing* of our Vietnam withdrawal involves. He was also able to point to the surprising success of the Vietnamization program in strengthening South Vietnam, as well as in reducing American casualties. He convinced most Americans that we could probably get out of Vietnam soon *without abandoning our allies there or elsewhere in Southeast Asia.*

The effect of the November 3 speech on the peace movement was both dramatic and cumulative. The climax of this favorable development for the President came in April, when the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, which had organized the most successful of all the Washington demonstrations last October 15, disbanded because of lack of funds and support.

Paradoxically, however, this favorable trend was followed almost immediately by the successful North Vietnamese response to Vietnamization. In defiance of the President's warning, they made an end-run by rapidly expanding their invasion of Laos and Cambodia. As a result of this stepped-up invasion, Prince Sihanouk's policy of at least partial neutrality collapsed and he was overthrown. The President then seized a golden opportunity to help a friendly government and remove the great Communist bases, some of them less than fifty miles from Saigon.

THE extent of the adverse reaction is all the more remarkable because it evidently surprised the critics almost as much as the President himself. One of the most eloquent of them, James Reston, wrote in his first *New York Times* column after the invasion of Cambodia:

> There is a good case to be made for attacking the enemy's bases in Cambodia —always has been. Some of them are only 33 miles from Saigon. No general with the brains of a corporal would willingly give his opponent a safe haven from which Saigon could be attacked in the night or even destroyed by relatively short-range missiles which Moscow and Peking have the power to provide.

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But Reston went on to attack the optimism in the President's speech and his claim that the sanctuaries in Cambodia were "the heart of the trouble." The real sanctuaries and the real heart of the trouble, Reston contended, are in Moscow and Peking. Thus, Reston, in his first reaction, *seemed to approve of the President's action but disapproved of the President's speech, and he was right on both points.* (In later columns he withdrew even his implied approval of the move into the sanctuaries.)

In that speech President Nixon recalled that he had warned way back in May 1969 that the independence of Laos and Cambodia must be part of any Vietnam settlement, but neither he nor his spokesmen had ever stressed or repeated that statement. He had warned the enemy and they ignored the warning. He had not warned the American people. Hence the shock to the American public and hence the opportunity for the war protestors to claim that Nixon had broken his promise by starting a new and "wider war."

Even in his later press conference on Cambodia, President Nixon again spoke optimistically about our relations with the Soviet Union and failed to stress Soviet Russia's special responsibility under the 1962 agreement on Laos, and its refusal to call another Geneva conference to deal with the violation of the treaty by North Vietnam. The President was still trying to win public support for U.S. sacrifices in Indochina without mentioning a key part of the problem—the Soviet Union—which is a little like staging *Hamlet* without Hamlet.

Senator Fulbright's attack on U.S. military aid to the neutral government of Laos contributed to the public's failure to understand why the defense of Vietnam cannot be separated from Laos and Cambodia. Yet, the North Vietnamese invasion of Laos had gone on for many years and was recently stepped up to over sixty thousand regular North Vietnamese troops. In response, the U.S. confined itself to military aid, air strikes, military advisers and CIA help to anti-Communist guerrillas. But when Fulbright attacked even this mild response and demanded a promise against the sending of U.S. troops into Laos without the consent of his Committee, the Administration tacitly agreed.

In short, the Administration continued to play down our involvement in Laos instead of publicly explaining its moderation and its contribution to the safety of U.S. troops and our allies in South Vietnam. It might also have sought UN action against Communist aggression in Laos, and called repeatedly for a reconvening of the Geneva conference, as a propaganda gesture to dramatize the issue even if the Soviets vetoed any action. President Nixon, like President Johnson, failed either to cut the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos, or to attack the Soviet refusal to live up to its treaty obligations there, or to explain in time why Laos and Cambodia are the key to the success of Vietnamization in Vietnam. So the public relations battle was lost in advance.

THIS silence was part and parcel of the Johnson-Nixon policy of soft-pedaling the Soviet role. Of course, there would have been opposition to the policies of both Presidents in Vietnam anyway from the youth and the New Left, no matter what the Presidents said. But greater frankness would not only have helped the Silent Majority but the moderates in the universities to understand. The policy would still have been controversial but it could not have been attacked as "insane," as it is today even by formerly moderate academics.

President Nixon, or President Johnson before him, could have explained that 90 per cent of Hanoi's sophisticated weapons came from the USSR. Hence the Soviet Union probably has the leverage to end the war and certainly has the power to get Hanoi to negotiate seriously, which it has never done. The President could further explain that the Soviet failure to use its power for peace, either in Laos or in Vietnam or in the Middle East, fits in with the Soviet's policy of expanding its influence around the world while it weakens America's economy and divides the American people by continuing the arms race in the Middle East as well as Indochina.

The President could point out that this worldwide Soviet policy also threatens the key American position in Western Europe, because the Mansfield Resolution, produced by the strains of Vietnam, calls for "substantial American troop withdrawals" from Europe as well as from Indochina.

If the President were so frank, some people would still say that we should cut our losses in Vietnam, no matter what its effect in Southeast Asia, because Europe and the oil-rich Middle East are of greater strategic importance. This argument would have some persuasiveness, even though it discounts the possible dangerous effects, both at

(Continues on page 693)

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ROCK

Music to Jangle Your Insides

TOM MC SLOY

YOU'VE GOT TO WATCH OUT when you write letters to people. Some time ago, I wrote one to NATIONAL REVIEW that boiled down to:

"I think you're getting rather stuffy," and

"Why don't you run more articles of interest to young people, on rock music for example?"

"All right," replied WFB, executing the old Establishmentarian Co-Opt the Dissidents ploy with his usual finesse, "why don't you write one?"

Hoisted on my own petard!

Rock is such a familiar, accepted part of my life and the lives of my friends that it's hard to think in terms of writing an article in its defense. But as long as people like Neil McCaffery can refer to the premier rock group in the world as the "Rolling Scum," as he did in a recent issue of *NR*, such a defense needs to be made.

It isn't that I mind if you don't like the music. If classical music, or jazz, or nursery rhymes turn you on, that's fine. It's this blasted supercilious, look-down-your-nose attitude that bugs me, as if rock were something like obscure sex practices or bodily emissions—things not discussed in polite company.

Some people say that rock is not serious music. They claim it contains nothing but an "animalistic" beat and repetitive, meaningless lyrics. Such criticisms had some validity in the Fifties, when it was de rigueur to have a chorus of unintelligible noises in the background while singing. I still recall with horror my first exposure to a Fifties hit called "Get a Job," the chorus of which goes:

Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip yip
Moo moo moo moo moo moo
Get a job.

But with the coming of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, and the triumph of the pop revolution they began, the purveyors of nonsense songs mercifully faded into the limbo of occasional radio-play nostalgia. Many of rock's critics, who grew up in the "moon, June, spoon, croon" era must still be thinking in terms of Fifties rock. They haven't discovered that now, the common denominator of all good rock lyrics is precisely the *absence* of banality, of nonsense, or syrupy sentimentality.

I exclude bubble gum music from this on the grounds that it is really children's music, and not rock. "Chewy, Chewy" and "Mary Had a Little Lamb" are equally undeserving of contextual analysis. Few rock songs succeed on sound alone. Almost all are serious attempts at communication. Your children are now listening to things like:

Simon and Garfunkel catching the quiet melancholy of the end of an affair:

Why don't we stop fooling ourselves?
The game is over,
Over,
Over.
No good times, no bad times
There's no time at all
Just the New York Times
Sitting on the windowsill
Near the flowers . . .

How long can I delay?
We're just a habit
Like saccharin . . .

(Paul Simon, "Overs")

The Doors starkly describing the torment of an overcrowded and polluted world:

What have they done to the earth?
What have they done to our fair sister?
Ravaged and plundered
and ripped her and bit her
Stuck her with knives
in the side of the dawn
and tied her with fences
and dragged her down.

("When The Music's Over")

Or Donovan, softly recounting the Atlantis myth with Tolkien-like imagery:

The continent of Atlantis was an island
Which lay, before the Great Flood,
In the area we now call
The Atlantic Ocean.
So great an area of land
That from her western shores
Those beautiful sailors
Journeyed to the South
And the North Americas with ease
In their ships with painted sails. . . .

Knowing her fate,
Atlantis sent out ships
To all corners of the world.
On board were the Twelve:
The poet,
The physician,
The farmer,
The scientist,
The magician,
And the other so-called gods of our legends,
Though gods they were.

And, as the elders of our time
Choose to remain blind,
Let us rejoice, and let us sing,
And dance, and ring in the new!
Hail, Atlantis!

(Donovan Leitch, "Atlantis")

I purposely refrain from quoting Bob Dylan, rock's greatest poet (or troubador, or minstrel, or whatever he is). People always quote Dylan when trying to say something serious about rock because it's so easy, there's so much in his songs. But I want to show the diversity. Dylan, as I hope you're beginning to see, has no monopoly on striking, vivid ideas and images.

THERE ARE even rock hymns. A group called the Electric Prunes (I think the name is stupid, too) has written an entire B Minor Mass. You can hear the *Kyrie* from it in *Easy Rider*. Another hymn was written by Eric Clapton, perhaps the world's greatest rock guitarist:

I have finally found a way to live
Just like I never could before
I know that I don't have much to give
But I can open any door
Everybody knows the secret
Everybody knows the score
I have finally found a way to live
In the color of the Lord.

("Presence of the Lord")

Few would argue that much of this is great poetry, but it's a far cry from Tin Pan Alley. If you haven't heard this side of rock before, remember that many rock musicians deliberately camouflage their ideas behind a wall of sound. Unless you're really into the music, you can't grasp the meaning. This is especially true of hard-rock groups like the Rolling Stones.

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Paul Williams discussed this feature of rock in the now-defunct *Crawdaddy!* Magazine (February 13, 1968):

> The Stones always come through, though . . . "Get Off My Cloud" sounded like pure noise the first ten times through on a transistor radio. The form of a song is something you see all at once. When it comes to you, you suddenly find a picture of the entire song in your head, and at any given point you're aware of the context, the whole thing. Until you get that picture, you just follow a line through the song —you hear something, you hear something else, finally, the song is over. The more you listen, the more you begin to sense a shape replacing that line, until finally the song is familiar to you, and you're not lost anymore. . . .
>
> Again and again . . . the Rolling Stones incorporate chaos by creating entirely new structures out of it, and never are they incoherent. If you listen to a Stones song long enough you'll always see the picture, always perceive the whole and feel relaxed at the naturalness of it all . . . no matter how much of a struggle it was for you to break through to that naturalness.

Have you ever listened to a rock song for about a minute, and then turned your mind off, grumbling to yourself? There's a reason for the music being that way:

> . . . the Stones love to fool around. They sound sloppy—they don't want you to feel comfortable til you get there. They give the impression of incoherence so that their uptight listeners will buzz off and not bother them, and so the people who care will not relax on the surface but will continue to penetrate the song until they've really got to it.

It's probably rock's decibel level that disturbs people the most. No way around it, rock is *loud*. If you play it at low volume, mostly you'll just hear the bass, which can be tiresome. This may be one reason why some say they can't hear anything but rock's beat.

Most people are used to playing music while they do something else—talk, wash dishes, work around the house. Rock won't let you do that. It comes right out and grabs you and forces you to pay attention to what's going on. Personally, I like that. The only music I *don't* like is music deliberately designed *not* to intrude, such as Muzak.

Rock has its intellectual appeal, but it is more than that. Rock is *visceral*, it does disturbing things to your body. In spite of yourself, you find your body tingling, moving with the music. If you try to repress the feeling, it jangles your insides.

For example: I was in Chicago recently, and visited a club to hear the Siegel-Schwall Blues Band, one of the better local groups. They were laying down some fine, low-down, sexy, funky blues that night. The girl with me had never really listened to blues before, but she is a very open person; and by the time the band had played two numbers she was wriggling around and hopping up and down in her chair just as I was. But my mother, who is uptight about such open sensuality, would have gone crazy in there. The music was so strong, so overpowering, so loud, that the effort

of struggling against it would have driven her right out of the room.

There is poetry in rock, fantastic images abound, and you don't have to be tripping to see them, either. One of the reasons people use drugs, by the way, is to help them get into the music; but it's not necessary. I've been "naturally stoned" on the music alone many times.

There is magic and evil in rock, death and resurrection. There is humor, rebellion, hard sex, soft love, just about anything you care to think about. Except one: hopelessness, not caring. Rock is above all affirmative. Even in the songs about death ("One Kind Favor" is a typical example), the singer rages against his impending end. "*There's just one kind favor I'll ask of you/See that my grave is kept clean*"—even though I'll be dead soon, I want you to respect and remember my life, my living being.

To *get* into rock, you have to *give* in to it, let it inside, flow with it, to the point where it consumes you, and all you can feel or hear or think about is the music. Once you've done that, there is a kind of breakthrough; and you can perceive the music on many different levels.

Rock songs may be sad, pessimistic; but they never completely give up on life. Jefferson Airplane's "The House at Pooneil Corners" affirms that two lovers can overcome the ugliness they see closing in on them:

You and me we keep walkin' around
And we see
All the bullshit around us
You try and keep your mind on what's going down
Can't help but see the rhinoceros around us
And you wonder what you can do . . .

You say it's healing but nobody's stealing it,
You say you don't see and you don't
You say you won't know and you won't let it come . . .

Not a very encouraging view, surely. But then comes the chorus:

. . . you know I'm still gonna need you around
And you know I'm still gonna need you around.

Abbie Hoffman called his Yippie convention, in which rock was to play no small part, a "Festival of Life." That was no hype. Rock celebrates life in all its forms. "*Because the world is round, it turns me on,*" sing the Beatles. I'm happy just because I exist. "*Because the wind is high, it blows my mind.*"

Whatever aspect of music interests you, you're almost sure to find it somewhere in rock. Jethro Tull, for instance, is strongly affected by baroque music. Blood, Sweat & Tears composed "Variation on a Theme by Erik Satie." Al Kooper is branching out in many ways, pointing to a possible fusion of progressive jazz and rock. Iron Butterfly is exploring electronic music; and the "churchy," spooky sound they produce is unique. Many, many groups are fooling around with atonality, odd time signatures, modality. But we don't reject our roots. Groups like Canned Heat and Fleetwood Mac are deeply into the

(Continues on page 692)

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THE OPEN QUESTION

The Crisis in the Mediterranean

FRANK S. MEYER

MUCH OF the difficulty in the prosecution of the war in Indochina has arisen from the failure of three successive Presidents to make clear to the American people that what is happening in Southeast Asia is no more or less than one battle in the third world war—a war now cold, now hot—between the United States and the Soviet Union. Instead of so presenting our engagement with the forces of Communism, we are exhorted in the name of the interests of the Vietnamese people. But, however worthy of sympathy that people, or any other people suffering from injustice, may be, there can be no excuse for the United States making war on such an account.

The legitimate foundation of a free nation's warmaking powers is overriding national interest of so critical a nature that only the making of war can defend it. In our time there is only one occasion of so critical a nature—the Soviet drive to world domination, which, unopposed and unrestricted, would bring about our national extinction.

Yet, in our public discourse concerning the Mediterranean, focal point of control of the Mideast, Western Europe and Africa, precisely the same errors of conception are being made as those concerning Indochina. Although the underlying cause of this feckless approach to the most serious of looming crises in our world position is the continuing failure of American leadership to understand the nature and the depth of the Soviet threat, it has been exacerbated—to the degree that clear discourse becomes extraordinarily difficult—by the bifurcated patriotism of American loyalists to Israel, Gentile as well as Jewish.

The issue is not—and can never be for a prudent American foreign policy—the virtues and/or vices of the Israelis and/or Arabs. Those American liberals who spatter our country's honor in Indochina, while calling for all-out support to Israel, are politically and morally beneath contempt. (See the fantastically tendentious letter signed by Senators Cranston (D., Cal.), Eagleton (D., Mo.), Goodell (R., N.Y.), Hart (D., Mich.), Hughes (D., Iowa), McGovern (D., S.D.), and Young (D., Ohio), which appeared recently in an advertisement in the *New York Times*.)

But not only those who thunder for support of Israel project the Israeli-Arab struggle abstractly without primary consideration of the overriding issue: Will the Mediterranean be controlled by Soviet power or by the power of the United States and its putative allies? The editorial in the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (June 16), entitled "Decision or Drift?," seems to me to suffer badly from this almost universal failure of clarity in discussion of the crisis in the Mideast. While correctly positing American national interest as the only rational basis for American action in the Mediterranean, it ignores the strategic reality of the cumulative growth of Soviet strategic power there. Instead of recognizing that there is no escape from a Soviet-American Mediterranean confrontation unless we are willing to evacuate, it implies that such a confrontation would result only from increased American aid to Israel.

Out of Context

If the counterproposal my colleagues put forward—winning the support of the Arab nations—were, in the first place, put in the context of preparation for a showdown with the Soviets, and, in the second place, psychopolitically feasible in time to prevent decisive Soviet control of the Mediterranean, it would be a strategy worth considering—and one the United States should pursue in its own interest and the interests of the West, whatever the effects upon Israel and however displeasing to American supporters of Israel. The editorial, however, did not put its arguments in the context of Mediterranean strategic realities and therefore did not come to grips with the real problems of American national interest in the area.

But even if we were to assume that its proposals were implicitly posited on such considerations, the feasibility of basing ourselves on the Arabs for control of the Mediterranean is highly questionable. If we were to withdraw support from Israel, the immediate result would be an Arab-Soviet attack, and in the aftermath of the defeat of Israel, the Arabs, borne forward by the afflatus of their victory, would obviously give thanks above all to their ally and supplier, the Soviet Union. They would hardly thank the United States just for withdrawing, and proceed to throw the Soviets out of the bases from which they are developing their control of the Mediterranean, invite the United States in, and join with us in restoring Western control of the Mediterranean.

How To Buy Time

There is no easy way out. The only possibility of retaining control of the Mediterranean is to recognize political realities. We will have to state clearly to the countries which depend upon us to preserve them from Soviet power—not only to the small countries (Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey and, of course, Israel), but also to France, Italy and Great Britain—that it will be strategically impossible to preserve any of the Old World from Soviet domination if the Mediterranean falls under Soviet control. Either they ally with us in the struggle for control of the Mediterranean (our NATO allies giving up once and for all their 25-year free ride on American military power); or the United States will have to face the strategic reality that Europe is indefensible if the Mediterranean is a Soviet sea, and in the interests of our own survival we will have to retreat to a version of Fortress America. Not because we want to, but because there is no other possible strategic course once the pivot of Western Europe, Asia and Africa falls.

The development of a policy of allied confrontation would take time. Meanwhile the arming of Israel with planes to meet Russian planes would seem the immediate tactic to buy time, to contain the Soviet advance. The threat in the Mediterranean is Soviet, not Arab, and the old adage may well come into play: the enemies of our enemies are our friends. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

SWISS NOTES

APPENZELL. Some parts of Switzerland are Swisser than others. This one, in the eastern part of the country, is certainly among the Swissest of them all, untainted by transatlantic tourism. The landscape is ravishingly neat and playful, a profusion of single steep hills backed by the massive grey Säntis mountain group, from which you get a superlative view over all the Swiss Alps. The Appenzell meadows are pure emerald, set off by occasional tall pine forests. The farmhouses lie on the meadows as if scattered from a giant toy box onto a green tray. The houses (windows to the sun and barns attached—the winters are cold) look stark since they don't have the flower gardens and trees you find around the Bernese Oberland farms. Up and down the hills, the plots are carefully fenced in.

The whole landscape looks like a primitive painting: a Swiss Grandma Moses come to life. And indeed there have been many primitive Appenzell peasant painters, whose works are now museum pieces and worth a fortune. Their works are of the same literal spirit as Grandma Moses', with cows going up and down hills in single file, followed by their herdsmen in festive attire. But the peasants also painted their furniture with primary colors, in patterns that remind me of the peasant painting of Norway. They even painted the bottoms of their wooden buckets, for festive purposes, to be substituted with plain ones for working purposes.

The Appenzell people love color, as you can see in the baroque-gabled, vividly painted façades of the houses in their little capital, more a large village than a small town; Disney must have thought of it when he created Disneyland. They love color in their costumes. In the spring, when the cows go to the high pastures, and in the fall, when they come down, the cowmen wear their traditional bright yellow britches, white shirts, embroidered red jackets, enormous, heavily embroidered suspenders and flat black hats wreathed with Alpine flowers and ribbons. They also wear the single earring, a long, dangling one ending in a ladle or a cow. The ears of the older men are still pierced, for this was thought to be good for the eyes. However, the younger men cheat and surreptitiously clamp their earrings on.

The cows are not forgotten—the lead cows wear enormous bells hung from thickly embroidered straps and their horns sport artistic effects of flowers and ribbons. The traditional costume of the Appenzell women is all baroque richness. Their caps have high, starched double lace wings, their dickies are thickly embroidered with gold, the silk brocade aprons contrast with the fine dark woolens of the dresses and their necks, ears and wrists are hung with a profusion of gold and silver jewelry. These costumes are worth thousands of dollars, and the time to see them is Corpus Christi, when the ladies march to church in a body. On workdays and Sundays, they dress like women everywhere, though rather more neatly.

The Appenzell people, on the whole, look different from the other Swiss, since they are short and dark-haired and dark-eyed. Their wit is proverbial, and whole books have been filled with their stories. Music is part of their life, and every village and town has choirs, yodel artists and bands that play for the numerous local festivities which are advertised in the papers and which are indeed jolly. They are also famous pastry cooks. Their meringues are noble structures, covered with the thickest, freshest and sweetest cream, whipped into a frenzy of baroque swishes.

Appenzell is where the Swiss hoteliers go for their own vacations. It's a land for walking over hill and dale, for sitting in flowery meadows and for gentle climbs, on foot or by skilift. The hotels and inns are small, family-run, immaculately clean and infinitely eager to please their guests. What appeals to the Swiss is that the Appenzell is not nearly as expensive as the rest of Switzerland and that the helpings in the restaurants are even larger. For $6 to $8 a day (children pay less) you get a spotless room, often with a bath and shower and always with running water, and three more than generous homecooked meals—excellent meals, I may add from my own experience. The value is irresistible, and besides, you can be sure that you will become uncurled at the edges and as gentle as an Alpine bluebell.

SAN BERNARDINO, GRISONS. This is a tiny village south of the Splugen Pass, almost five thousand feet high, where I spent all my childhood summers chasing up and down the mountains, climbing the big firs, making lakes and dams and fording streams from the rivulets that cascade down the meadows. The beauty of the place is that you are on the top floor in a country that is not built horizontally but vertically. From here it is mountaintops, medium rock climbing, including the mountains from where the Rhine springs as a tiny stream.

I have not been here in over forty years, and wonder of wonders, this *Recherche du Temps Perdu* turned out as *Le Temps Retrouvé*, that rare experience. There is a new highway outside the village, and an immense tunnel under the mountains so that you can travel north to Chur when the passes are snow-blocked in the winter, but they don't disturb the charm of the place.

The hotels are still the same, plain, comfortable mountain hotels, inexpensive and family-like. Children can still run around without worry to their parents and, later in the season, eat their fill of wild raspberries and blueberries, and wade in the river just as I did. It was lovely to find one's childhood again, without flaws. □

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Supply and Demand of Violence

WILLIAM BREIT

Academia in Anarchy: An Economic Diagnosis
By James M. Buchanan and Nicos E. Devletoglou
Basic Books, 187 pp., $5.95

The complete story of the destruction of the great American universities has yet to be chronicled. The public is only dimly aware and cannot be expected completely to comprehend the extent of the cataclysm that has befallen the higher schooling. On some of the most prestigious campuses the paramount moral goal is no longer the search for truth. Instead these once proud institutions have become staging areas for guerrilla warfare against the values of Western society. The inability of these institutions to respond to the terror tactics of the few in order to maintain their integrity will fascinate the historian of the future.

James M. Buchanan and Nicos E. Devletoglou have written a small volume that will prove indispensable for that future historian (who will reside, no doubt, outside the academy). For they have provided an altogether plausible and lucid account of the reason for the terror and violence together with some of the steps that still might be taken to cope with it. Both authors are noted economists and academicians. They apply some of the most basic tools of their science to interpret and explain the bewildering rush of violent events in the once placid groves of academia.

It is the theme of this work that "the university has been revealed as the soft underbelly of modern society," highly attractive to the "revolutionary sharks." This vulnerability stems from the ambiguous nature of property rights within the university. The structure of property and the pricing of university services have led inevitably to a hostile student body, a sheltered and irresponsible faculty, and helpless governing boards and taxpayers. The fact that university services typically are sold far below cost means that the demand for the higher schooling is greater than the supply.

The attempt to ration the resulting shortage of facilities among the student "buyers" has resulted in almost complete insensitivity to student-customer preferences. It is as if there were a continual "sale" going on within the university with prices far below those that would bring supply and demand into equality. Long lines, rudeness and an emphasis on sellers' rather than buyers' convenience have been endemic. Predictably, faculties have emphasized research, consulting and tenure, which contribute to their income and privileged status, rather than teaching and student contact.

The faculty "producers" have used their power over "buyers" in much the same way that butchers selected their customers during wartime meat rationing. Just as the shopkeeper typically favored the prettiest housewife, the faculties have selected only those candidates who are quickest to learn, thus making teaching life more pleasant. The result has been growing discontent or apathy among the student body. The university has thus become "the nearest equivalent to the church of the Middle Ages. Its precincts are sacrosanct, and the suffering taxpayer is placed in a position not unlike that of the poor man who sacrificed bread in support of the magnificence of the church establishment in centuries past."

It is one of the great merits of this book that the authors refuse to believe that the chaos and agony of the American college scene are a result of irrational forces beyond our control. Rather, the increasing terror and violence are viewed as products demanded not for their own sake, but because their perpetrators predict results which they value, namely power over the curriculum, faculty appointments, promotions and grading procedures—in short, the destruction of academic freedom.

But why have faculties not resisted this incursion on their traditional prerogatives? Because, as Julien Benda

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noted long ago, the faculty's commitment to academic freedom is much weaker than its desire for political power and flattery and love from its students. What's more, there are many short-run benefits to be gained from campus disruption. The faculty "on strike" continues to receive its paycheck without the tedious work of preparing lectures and meeting classes. What's still more, the liberal-left academic behaves "on the standard motto that, little by little, small changes can wreck established institutions. . . . He senses that where blatant revolution fails, creeping reform is triumphant. . . . Things are changed a little at a time, the right time, in the left direction."

Buchanan and Devletoglou dismiss the widely shared view that the faculty is powerless to respond to terror. Their example is devastatingly persuasive: "Imagine what might have happened at any American university if the same number of militants . . . should have been supporters of George Wallace instead of the black students' union or the Students for a Democratic Society. Reaction would have been total, swift and severe."

Since the demand for violence, like the demand for any commodity, is an inverse function of price, the authors recommend increasing the costs and reducing the benefits of violence and terror to both students and faculty. The authors advocate a system of full tuition charges supplemented by loans which students must repay out of their future income. This would give to the apathetic and even militant student a higher bill to pay for disruption. As for faculties, payment in accordance with the number of class hours of instruction would dampen their enthusiasm for the now costless "strike." Moreover, if faculties were required to lease or purchase their office space, they might more fiercely resist the sit-ins, broken windows and the urine-drenched carpets. In addition, a removal of tenure for academicians who conceive their role as politicization rather than truth-seeking would be in order. For once a scholar has discovered "truth" and becomes a political advocate he has lost all claim to society's support.

Buchanan and Devletoglou end on an optimistic note. They believe that entrepreneurs will soon come on the scene with independent, competitive and market-oriented universities. These institutions will charge market-clearing prices and thus be forced to emphasize customer and community. Faculty and students fed up with intimidation and politicization will respond by making them the new centers of prestige in the nation built on the ashes of fair Harvard, Yale, Berkeley and Michigan.

Buchanan and Devletoglou have written a pithy and important book. On virtually every page there is a stunning insight, a quotable phrase. Moreover it is hard-headed, good-humored and wise. Hopefully it will be read, especially by that Schumpeterian innovator of the future in search of new outlets for his risk-taking proclivities and restless energies. The payoff to him and society will be enormous. □

Notebooks of a Dilettante
By Leopold Tyrmand
Macmillan, 240 pp., $5.95

BARBARISM IN AMERICA

DAVID BRUDNOY

Although my American history colleagues dwell for weeks on the wickedness of Hamilton, Mrs. Roosevelt's virtues, the holiness of M. L. King and other such transcendental themes, Alexis de Tocqueville has long been my bag and, by fiat, that of my sophomores. Little wonder that when Leopold Tyrmand's essays about America first appeared in the *New Yorker* in 1966, I made them required reading, bouncing them off of Tocqueville's observations. Now that they're collected in one place, I've the pleasure of recommending them again. No foreign visitor's notebooks since those of our 1830s French aristocrat are more worth reading than the Polish Mr. Tyrmand's. To equate *Notebooks of a Dilettante* with *Democracy in America* would be ludicrous, but the comparison with Tocqueville's *Journey to America* is fair.

Like Tocqueville, Tyrmand potshots, hit and miss, the trivial and mundane, filling space between profound insights in three areas: American mores, such as race relations; the youth-left revolt; and comparisons with European Communism. Mr. Tyrmand's concern with—no, *amazement at* is better—our race problems reminds me of Tocqueville's. Almost immediately upon arriving here, Tyrmand saw that many Washington policemen were Negroes. To a European, that minority race members should thus possess firearms was a revelation. In Europe, a "minority group gets arms only when it is no longer a minority and when feelings of persecution and injustice—so dangerous in moments of anger and revolt—are beyond any doubt rooted out."

In New Orleans on a bus, "a Negro girl would not sit next to me. I felt segregated for the first time since the Nazis left Poland. '*Le racisme à rebours*?' And who, in this case, was the victim? I, whose admiration for the New Orleans Negroes and their contribution to the culture of the twentieth century led me to write a book about them. But how could the girl know about it? All the rules of racial persecution and collective responsibility applied to me as well." He notes the erratic nature of racism, the Germans having hated Jews because the latter presumably were more productive, the South persecuting Negroes "because they are (allegedly) illiterate, less intelligent, antisocial and so on. Probably racism is simply the most primitive human hatred of complexity. And what can be more complex than someone being different from us?"

TYRMAND stubbornly insists on telling it like it is; accurate though unthinkable observations punctuate his book. For example: "The American Negroes may become the most privileged social group of this nation. Why? It is the one social group among many that does not fear the American Negro. With time, more and more often, we will hear Negroes saying: 'This one is quite a good, decent whitey. Let him go his way.' "

Tyrmand's second theme, his concern with the new American barbarism, especially intrigues me. What Tocqueville wrote about slavery simply unflapped Southern slaveholders. Just so, the following will never win Tyrmand many friends in Harvard Yard or at Berkeley:

> With engaging innocence [the "new promiscuous" leftists] promote debauchery; with winning self-confidence, they preach theories whose inherent incoherence first amuses a European, then forces him to ponder the monu-

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ES WAR EINMAL, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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RANDOM NOTES

■ Books: Viking's fall list includes a 640-pager by *Times*man Tad Szulc, *Czechoslovakia Since World War II* (October, $12.50); Angus Wilson's *The World of Charles Dickens,* with 240 illustrations (August, $12.95); and *The Raphael Bible,* sixty illustrations of the ceiling vaults leading to the Sistine Chapel, with commentary by Rumer Godden and Bible passages mainly from the Knox translation (October, $8.95). . . . A different route to glory, or something, is traced by Lately Thomas in *Storming Heaven: The Lives and Turmoils of Minnie Kennedy and Aimee Semple McPherson* (Morrow, September, $10). Frederick Brisson has already picked up dramatic rights as a vehicle for wife Roz Russell.

■ *George Washington's Expense Account* is the sort of debunking "humor" you expect of Marvin Kitman and Simon & Schuster ($6.95); tasteless if tongue-in-cheek, ignorant if meant even half seriously. The pub date is July 4, another joke from the wonderful folks who gave you Jerry Rubin's *Do It!* . . . Old leftists never die; they just keep grinding them out. Carleton Beals is (ho) at it again (hum) with *The Nature of Revolution* (Crowell, $8.95, July). . . . The inspirational paperback of the year due from Avon in July: *The Wit and Wisdom of Mae West. . . . Liberace Cooks!,* in case you were wondering (Doubleday, September). . . . Sir Robert Thompson, whose *No Exit from Vietnam* is credited with helping to shape present Administration policy, unveils *Revolutionary War in World Strategy 1945-1969* this month (Taplinger, $4.95).

■ Politics and Publishing: Recent anti-Vietnam statement by members of the American Book Publishers Council represents a break with tradition. It was the first time the trade association, which includes most big and medium-sized houses, had taken a partisan position. Of the publishers voting, some 35-45 (accounts differ) endorsed the resolution and five (*Reader's Digest* Books, Oxford, Rutgers, Princeton, Columbia) abstained. Nobody voted nay.

Viking also took a flyer in "public service" with its full-page ad (cost: over $3,000) in the *New York Times Book Review* on June 7. Headlined "Give a book to your congressman," ad listed 53 books on Vietnam and dissent. Only five were Viking titles. All 53 were left-of-center.

■ Improbable Alliance: ex-Stan Kenton sideman Joe Crow lecturing for MOTO-REDE (Movement to Restore Decency—a Birch group) on the evils of rock ("it glorifies drugs, destructiveness, revolution and sexual promiscuity").

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mentality of intellectual chaos. Just how collective copulation will eliminate poverty or broaden and deepen popular culture will probably forever remain a sweet secret of [the] militants. Narcotics as an alternative to the ideals of common daily life experienced by mankind and sought for some five thousand years is an outrageously funny notion. But what wipes the smiles from one's lips is the question of how and where Berkeleyans managed to convert childish irresponsibility toward their own lives with revolution, Marxism, radicalism, leftism? Is the contemporary, subcultural stress on decadence and decay an essential characteristic of social political, and intellectual leftism? Let's hope, rather, that it is a consequence of a penchant toward primitive intellectual impulses as a substitute for modern humanism. . . .

America Haters—and there are a number among Americans themselves, pretending to be merely opponents of the existing order—tend spitefully to blame American social imperfections only; they seem deaf, immune to any rational argument demonstrating irrelevancies between a man's misfortune in his struggle against social abuses and the American Constitution. . . . What do you call it when [a New Leftist] who is beaten up for some abuse that he proclaims a virtue vilifies his tamer, forgetfully omitting to mention that he attacked first to bite off the other's ear? A Romantic rebel would have called it a lack of dignity, and perhaps would also have added the adjective "squalid."

Space limitations preclude discussion here of his third major subject. *Notebooks* should be read thoroughly, and if Tyrmand doesn't turn up on *Firing Line*, I'll write the nastiest letter-to-the-producer on record. Neither Tocqueville nor Tyrmand was impressed only by America's virtues. Tocqueville, of course, never came back. But Tyrmand —who unabashedly loves this country, whose "working class is deprived of roofs over their heads. Chiefly when they sit in convertibles," and where one is free to show the slums to visitors ("No one in Warsaw or Moscow would dare [do that]. It is forbidden; our bright young men risk being arrested if they insist on showing visitors our social blights")—has applied for citizenship. Welcome home, Mr. T. □

Smoke Filled Rooms: The Confidential Papers of Robert Humphreys
Edited by Harold Lavine
Prentice-Hall, 224 pp., $5.95

VIRTUOSO OF THE POLITICAL SCENE

PHILIP M. CRANE

Robert Humphreys was the grey eminence of Republican politics for most of the period from 1949 until 1965. A man almost entirely unknown to the general public, he forged a reputation among party leaders for unequaled skill as a political organizer and for campaign management ability next to none.

This view of Bob Humphreys as a political genius is quite obviously held uncritically by Harold Lavine, who has distilled Humphreys' voluminous files into this readable little book. *Smoke Filled Rooms* should be of interest to any student of political history or of the Republican Party, particularly to the younger ones to whom the early Eisenhower years are but a dim memory and the Dewey campaigns merely the murky legend of a prehistoric past. But it is a book that should be read with the understanding that it is a memoir, not a history, of the period: The editor of these papers makes no claim to objectivity.

HUMPHREYS was apparently an inveterate memo writer and meticulous about keeping carbons. His files, as distilled by Lavine and supplemented by the latter's own commentary, contain many interesting footnotes to the history of his era:

—Humphreys' role in initiating the exchange of correspondence that led to MacArthur's dismissal;

—his part in persuading General Eisenhower to make the "I shall go to Korea" speech of the 1952 campaign;

—the role he played in determining Richard Nixon's response to the "Nixon Fund" charge and mediating the dissension that nearly dissolved the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket.

One of Humphreys' major contribu-

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tions to the political process was the first fully thought out campaign blueprint ever used in a Presidential campaign. It is astonishing today to realize that no such plan had ever been drawn up prior to the Eisenhower campaign in 1952, but it was in Denver shortly after the Republican convention that Humphreys presented his campaign strategy, in a paper known as "Document X," to Ike and his inner circle. "Document X" is presented here in full for the first time.

Lavine credits Humphreys with having been the first to utilize the modern techniques of political communications. The memos he quotes to substantiate that claim do, indeed, outline many of the uses of television and other media that are so vital a part of any campaign today. If there is a fault with this section of the book, it is that the ideas that Humphreys developed for the 1952 campaign, though new and exciting then, seem dull and unoriginal in our media-oriented age.

Possibly the most interesting section of the book is that devoted to campaign tactics: the need for strong local organization; how to win the votes of special interest groups; and the importance of patronage to the maintenance of a strong grassroots organization. On the

last point it is somewhat saddening, in light of some of the Nixon Administration's problems with patronage, to read Humphreys' exhortations to Ike on the necessity of placing Republicans in strategic jobs throughout government. Apparently we never learn.

HUMPHREYS WAS, according to Lavine, a Republican of no particular commitment. He supported Republican candidates no matter how he regarded them as individuals. He could without any personal distress work to elect a candidate of any stripe. It is this devotion to party without concern for principles that must for conservatives be the most distressing facet of Bob Humphreys' career. The Republican Party was founded on principle, on the principles embodied in our Declaration of Independence and Constitution. The Republican candidate who ignores or rejects these principles may win his election, but in doing so he will mortgage his party's future; for left devoid of its principles the Republican Party will have little to keep it alive.

It is surprising that a politician of Bob Humphreys' skill should have failed to grasp this. It is even more surprising because, throughout the book, his memos hit again and again on twin themes: militant anti-Communism and a belief in limited government. Yet this is the man who believed Goldwater's nomination would be a "disaster," and supported him only out of party loyalty after his own favorite, Rockefeller, had failed to win the nomination. Humphreys' rationale, apparently, was that Rockefeller could win while Goldwater could not. But to rephrase the question: If principles are sacrificed in its pursuit, of what real value is victory?

Another serious question is raised but unanswered by *Smoke Filled Rooms*. Humphreys left the Republican National Committee early in 1960, when the Nixon campaign was just getting under way, and took a year off from Republican politics. In 1961 he took a position with the joint Senate-House Republican leadership. His reasons for disassociating himself from the Nixon campaign, after so many years' close relationship with the Vice President, are not discussed at all by Harold Lavine. Yet one cannot help but think that there must have been something in Humphreys' files to explain his somewhat surprising hiatus from politics during so important an election year.

If Robert Humphreys was not quite the man his admirer Harold Lavine says he was, he nevertheless left his mark on the Republican Party and made a substantial contribution to the political process. His trade was the business of electing Republicans, and he knew his craft well. He practiced it, if not according to the best judgment of conservatives, at least by his own lights in the best interest of the party and the nation. □

Managing Mailer
By Joe Flaherty
Coward-McCann, 146 pp., $5.95

NEW YORK'S POLITICAL CIRCUS

GEORGE F. WILL

Norman Mailer wrote a fine war novel in the 1940s. Recently he has practiced the "new journalism" whereby the reporter reports the passions he experiences while attending great events (e.g., peace marches), the greatness of which derives from their power to trigger his passions. The "new journalism" is rooted in incipient solipsism—an inclination to disregard any reality beyond the self. The affinity between the "new journalism" and the "new politics" is obvious.

Mailer's fling at the "new politics" came in the 1969 New York mayoralty primary. Under the guidance of Joe Flaherty, who took a sabbatical from the *Village Voice* to manage the campaign, Mailer won about 5 per cent of the Democratic vote. For reasons that are no more apparent at the end of the book than they were at the beginning, Flaherty decided to record the silly story, thereby retreating from the "new politics" to the "new journalism."

The aim of the campaign was a "hip coalition of Left and Right," but it did not materialize. Flaherty acknowledges that "beards and Leftists" were "the foundation of the campaign." Many were refugees from the McCarthy movement, a fecund source of activists who relish frivolous candidates. Artists' excursions into politics often feature the arrogant belief that a refined sensibility equips and entitles one to precept the masses. Mailer's campaign was remarkably free from this, and understandably so. His recent work reveals that his refined sensibilities are frequently in abeyance. In addition, Mailer was a premature Agnew-ite. To avoid leading an effete corps of intellectual snobs, he balanced his ticket with a professional slob, Jimmy Breslin.

Mailer wanted the City to become the 51st state, and then give "power" to the "neighborhoods." Mailer the politician recurs to the idea of power the way novelist Mailer recurs to sex—fre-

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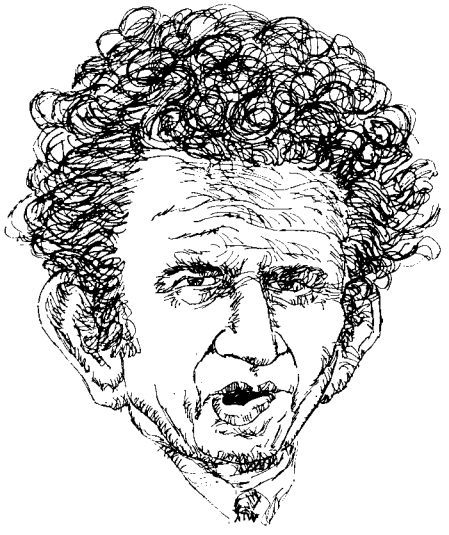
quently, but without refinement. He was given to cryptic shouts about the City's lack of "an objective correlative that would give a notion of where everybody is." His solution was a "profound notion—compulsory free love in those neighborhoods which vote for it, compulsory church attendance



on Sunday for those neighborhoods who [sic] vote for that." This profundity does perfect justice to the candidate. The grammar attests drunkenness, and the solecism about compulsory free things attests an intellectual disarray that owes nothing to alcohol.

Mailer's chatter about "power to the neighborhoods" betokened a healthy instinct in favor of decentralization. But he never faced the antifederalists' dilemma: the smaller the constituency, the easier it is for an oppressive majority to dominate. If we are to decentralize without jeopardizing liberty, we must not just disperse power now exercised by large governmental units. We must reduce the amount and kinds of power currently exercised by governments at all levels. After all, local control is only a form of control, and it may be inimical to liberty. Neighborhood power could easily be translated into unneighborly tyranny. Good fences, not shared powers, make good neighbors.

Such sobering ideas never intruded on the candidate's fun. Did any ideas intrude? Flaherty says Mailer issued position papers, but he is very reticent about their contents. He does say they contained "more than eighteen thousand words." Flaherty believes the campaign had "a set of ideas that might save the City." But he ignores these saving ideas, while lavishing attention on such perishable details as the obscenity Breslin regretted not hurling at some Sarah Lawrence girls. Anyway, four paragraphs after saying that the *raison d'être* of the campaign was the presentation of saving ideas, Flaherty concludes that "we did what we intended—dramatized the death of the cities."

The book dramatizes New York parochialism. It assumes that the spasms of the literary Left are serious and significant. In fact, Mailer's caper was significant, but not in a way that Mailer or his manager would understand. The campaign shed new light on the old problem of a political role for artists. The disjunction between artistic ability and practical wisdom was discussed by Plato, who, like Mailer, was interested in a city-state. Plato devised various policies—some rather stern—for dealing with artists in corrupt and virtuous cities. Mailer's campaign suggested some functions for politicized artists in New York, where, judging by Lindsay's election, the citizens may have sunk to a form of corruption more intractable than any Plato imagined.

The Mailer episode suggests that a strategically launched artist can contribute to the public stock of harmless pleasure. This is a scarce commodity in a city where the mayor's prissy humorlessness is as depressing as his policies are laughable. Further, a mildly charismatic artist may get kindred spirits to follow him away from effective political processes. This would not completely satisfy a contemporary Plato, who might want to drive them away from the city, but it is the next best thing, which is the most one can expect for New York, which is not the next best thing to Plato's Republic. □

Voltaire
By Theodore Besterman
Harcourt, 637 pp., $12.50

VOLTAIRE: MOVER OR MOUTHPIECE?

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Voltaire (née François Arouet) was born in 1694 at the height of Louis XIV's glory. When he died in 1778, Napoleon was already eight years old. His life encompassed great changes and tremendous historical developments, and he was responsible for many of them.

Political thinker, poet, dramatist, propagandist, anthropologist, philosopher, novelist, entrepreneur, historian and letter-writer extraordinary, he remains unique. Few rival him as a versatile thinker; none as a fluent, prolific writer. That the bulk of his work is no longer read or readable does not detract from the immensity of it, or its impact on his era.

The Sage of Ferney has been the subject of endless books, but there has always been room for a thorough, documented and well-written life, covering the many careers of a man who, if not the mover, was at least the mouthpiece of the European Age of Reason. Theodore Besterman's *Voltaire* fills this important gap, and, if any contemporary biographer can claim to be *the* living authority on Voltaire, it is Mr. Besterman, editor of the 107-volume edition of *Voltaire's Correspondence*, and founder and director of the *Institut et Musée Voltaire* in Geneva.

YET his very credentials make Mr. Besterman's objectivity suspect, for they establish him as the anointed head of the Great Man's devotees; an admirer hardly likely to approach his subject with that spirit of rational skepticism so dear to the sage himself. The more one reads of his 637 pages of painstaking detail and graceful narrative, the more this suspicion is confirmed.

Is Mr. Besterman really to blame? As the late Frederick Green pointed out in *Eighteenth-Century France*, Voltaire's greatest creation was "the legend of an infallible and fearless Voltaire fighting a magnificent battle for truth against a legion of sinister foes." Like Napoleon, Voltaire was his own best press agent. He worked long and lovingly to create his historical image. And who among us can resist the thin, wry figure of Voltaire, tweaking the bulbous noses of obscurantists, bigoted clerics and decadent tyrants? Did he not do more than any other man to topple the pillars of tradition, faith and ignorance that supported the *Ancien Régime*? And, did he ever fail to divert his readers along the way, gilding the philosophic pill with wit, sarcasm and a vibrant style?

Alas, in remembering all this, we sometimes forget that Voltaire was not merely striking at the *abuses* of social

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and religious institutions, but at the *institutions* themselves, which, to him, represented blasphemies in the face of "Reason" *à la Voltaire*. He succeeded admirably. Monarchy never really recovered, and Christianity as a social and spiritual force, especially among the intelligentsia, was considerably weakened. But were these old foes of his replaced by some higher Voltairean value?

The closest France ever came may have been under Robespierre and his clique (and they were all *reasonable* men!) when a temple of "Reason" was erected and a popular Parisian whore led a parade through the city, scantily costumed as the "Goddess of Reason." When an end to revolutionary excess finally came, it took the form of a bloody military absolutism, and, to this day, Voltaire's eloquent, philosophically "reasonable" countrymen have teetered between anarchy and absolutism, seldom striking a happy medium. To find the roots of functioning, parliamentary democracy, we must look to the prosaic, workaday barristers, squires and merchants of England and America—men whose constitutional settlements and legal milestones evolved a functioning, rather than a rhetorical, set of individual freedoms.

In retrospect, we know that for each man Voltaire taught to reason, there were a thousand he simply taught to doubt, and, the underpinnings of their social structure having been torn away, they usually behaved rather badly. Voltaire's personal conduct, occasionally glossed over by Mr. Besterman, is further proof that enlightened skepticism does not always result in exemplary behavior. Few eighteenth-century celebrities were more two-faced, avaricious and, most curious of all, viciously antisemitic; and few lived private lives more tinged with the sordid.

But personal deficiencies and inconsistencies, such as decrying French tyranny while toadying to corrupt courtiers like the Duc de Richelieu, accepting lavish bribes from Catherine the Great in return for giving that understandably scandal-conscious lady a good press in Western Europe; ruthlessly persecuting literary adversaries such as Fréron, who was censored and imprisoned at the instigation of the Patron of Free Expression—these and his many other private faults cannot detract from the man's undeniable brilliance.

His real failure is utilitarian, to use one of his favorite terms. Voltaire himself remains an undeniably fascinating figure, balancing on the slender tightrope of human "reason," unsupported by faith, spirit or tradition, cutting a thousand breathtaking capers without losing his balance and tumbling to a certain death. But few individuals and fewer societies have been able to follow his example.

Which is at once a tribute to his dexterity, and an indictment of his philosophy as applied to his fellow man. After all, if it doesn't work, it isn't really very reasonable, is it? □

RECORDS

John Cage: Music for Keyboard 1935-1948. Jeanne Kirstein, prepared piano, piano, and toy piano. Columbia Stereo M2S 819. Two records, four sides

TWO METAMORPHOSIS NIGHT

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

I have been ignoring John Cage for thirty years and would serenely ignore him yet, if I hadn't spied an image of him, cast in bronze, being smuggled into the pantheon. Peters, you see, is publishing his *sämtliche Werke*, and he himself *ipse* is publishing aye and anon hither and dither his dixit *Leben und Denken*, and in 1968 J.C. was elected a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. So we cannot ignore him. He is a Serious Composer. So serious that I think in German when I think of him.

You know his stuff. Atonal, percussive mostly, engineered to hollow out great scoops of silence, portentous pauses, amidst the clatter and drippings of serial meditations. The man is a prophet. A third of a century ago he foresaw the invention of "electronic" music. He foresaw the trend toward including the entire realm of audible noise within the realm of music. Unlike Jeremiah, he applauded what he foresaw. He must be contended with.

Sound is a function of the adiabatic expansion of gas. It exhibits four parameters: pitch (cycles per time unit), timbre (secondary pitches), duration (existence in time) and intensity (amplitude of the cycles). Humanly audible sound runs from sixty cycles to about fifteen thousand. Theoretically audible sound starts at zero+ cycles; canines hear twenty thousand cycles; there is no reason to limit the audible range to the mind of a dog. Theoretical soundmasters should write for pitches up to a million cycles. That they do not is merely proof that they are stupid slaves to a traditional conventional bias in favor of the organs awkwardly planted on the side of people's heads.

To translate one's experience of life into sound is to be a musician. But to translate implies to communicate. Translating into a private language, no matter how "personal," is not communicating an idea but sequestering it. The infant translates his life into gurgles and babbles; which ain't poetry. John Cage has a highly developed personal language. He responds to life by organizing the four variables of the principal function of the adiabatic expansion of gas. He is a musician. But his music is incapable, or I should say almost completely incapable, of communicating his sense of life. One can only feel sad for this inventive and visionary mind that has chosen self-exile.

This criticism, unlike much of aesthetics, is susceptible of clinical test. John Cage has given titles to his compositions, and you need only play the records for an "unprepared" friend and ask him to match the titles with the compositions. Which piece, for example, *sounds* like the "Bacchanale"? Which sounds like "The Perilous Night"? Which one is "Tossed as It Is Untroubled"? "A Valentine out of Season"? What sounds describe, or flow from, or are the cause of "Root of an Unfocus"?

Your friend will flunk that test (the "Bacchanale" contains a splendid dirge: a stroke of genius, but no brindisi). Try again. After he has heard the music once, try his memory. You will find that he has confused it all in his mind. One sounds very like another. There is a reason for this.

Cage, you see, set out to perform the artist's function, which is to create new responses to reality. Along the way every artist has to criticize, refashion and update the historic system of responses. In music this means to call into question the importance of pitch, timbre, duration and intensity. By in-

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cluding all "noise" as the stuff of music, Cage denies pitch (for noise destroys it). By "preparing" a piano so that it produces timbres that only a few dozen pianists in the world may duplicate, Cage disdains to embrace a *communicable* idea of timbre. Duration and intensity are Cage's chief variables. They are the variables of the drum and other percussive instruments, which several centuries of artists have decided are not solo instruments. After a while a drum gets tedious because it is one-toned, monotonous. One monotony is as good as another. And that is why Cage's "Bacchanale" sounds like his "Valentine" sounds like his "Prelude for Meditation" and so on. They are all variations on a monotony. They make excellent background music, by the way. Good for movie scores, ballet, cocktails—good any time you want to avoid utter silence as the backdrop for something else that will be your main business. You could actually eat supper to it.

Perhaps you will say: But the titles of his compositions are simply jokes. In my heart of hearts I think that's exactly what they are. In which case: so what? For this we get the National Institute of Arts and Letters?

THE SERIOUS CRITIC will argue that such music is "self-contained": it organizes its own rules and is to be judged by the fidelity with which it obeys them. This is to say that it is to be judged as a cluster of internal relationships. Very good, but there goes our last slim toehold in reality. For the internal relationships are independent of such notions as the duration of time. Two plus two equals four whether it takes you three hours to figure it out, or a millionth of a second to crank it through a computer. The internal relationships of self-contained systems are "true" or "have integrity" whether we observe them at 33 rpm or 78 rpm or 100,000 rpm. As a matter of fact these 33 rpm records sound best at 45 rpm. They are a poor substitute for Conlon Nancarrow's "Studies for Player Piano."

But there are deeper weaknesses. The idea of duration (especially the duration of a silence) involves the idea of the spacing of events that are *similar*. Time becomes important only when it helps us to distinguish between otherwise identical events. The serial system of composition flatly denies the "validity" of the musical devices that produce similarities (formal variations, thematic matter, repetitions, canons, fugues, "verses" of songs—it is all gone). We are reduced to an infinitely droning autoschediasm, and the idea of duration, which is life, is supplanted by the idea of endlessness, which is death.

Not to say that the stuff isn't clever. It *is* good background music, and there are moments of high comedy in it: My nine-year-old Tommy laughed in delight at parts of it, and twelve-year-old Jamie came in to listen for a moment. But neither stayed long. It is clever, but finally it is pointless, as pointless as the title of this article. I constructed or I might say "composed" the title from the first word of the title of the first composition on these records, the second word of the second title, the third word of the first three-word title. A clever child could have done as much.

My internally valid system for composing the title is an attention-getter, that's all. Very effective it is, too, for the titles of magazines articles and the admissions committees of national institutes of arts and letters. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BEYOND REDUCTIONISM: *New Perspectives in the Life of Science, edited by Arthur Koestler and J. R. Smythies (Macmillan, 438 pp., $8.95).* Arthur Koestler's forays into the history of science have done little to enhance his reputation, save among those uneducated in science. His history of early astronomy was—to put it mildly—an intellectual disaster, clogged with errors of fact, mistaken opinions and slanderous imputations (as when he implied that Copernicus was influenced by Rheticus' homosexuality). Nevertheless his books on the subject have become minor best-sellers, taken quite seriously by thousands of readers, while the truly important works of Alexandre Koyre and Pierre Duhem gather dust in the libraries. Now, along with J. R. Smythies, he has edited a work entitled *Beyond Reductionism*, an attempt by fifteen "eminent" scientists (the word is that of the editors) to refute the mechanistic world-view of reductionism, and replace it with a new world-view. What follows is a mixed bag, ranging from some fascinating papers by C. H. Waddington, Victor Frankl and Jerome Brunner, to the rather skimpy meditations of metaphysician Paul Weiss (Is *he* an "eminent" scientist?). There is a Popperesque piece by F. A. Hayek on "The Primacy of the Abstract," and an interesting essay on psychopharmacology by Seymour S. Kety. There is enough good material in this book to make it a worthwhile purchase. Certainly we need to go beyond nineteenth-century reductionism, which has had a profound effect on twentieth-century positivism. It remains to be seen whether the present collection has succeeded in giving the "new perspectives in the life of sciences" it promises us. Nevertheless, it is a start. P. P. WITONSKI

THE FIRST HURRAH: *A Biography of Alfred E. Smith, by Richard O'Connor (Putnam, $6.95).* A serious lapse of taste here, although probably not the author's fault. Mr. O'Connor is an old pro, grinding out biographies of such men as Bat Masterson, Pat Garrett and Wild Bill Hickok (curiously, the publisher doesn't mention these biographies among O'Connor's credits) and also writing an occasional thriller under the pen name Frank Archer. More likely, the tastelessness can be laid to some sharp editor. There was a problem, you see. Matthew and Hannah Josephson had just done a full-scale study of Al Smith, and the world wasn't exactly panting for another. But wait. A fine novelist, Edwin O'Connor had just died. His most famous book was a fictionalized biography of another Irish politician, entitled *The Last Hurrah*. So here's another writer, also named O'Connor, and also writing about an Irish politician. So why not call it *The First Hurrah*? O'Connor. *Hurrah*. Get it? If you do, don't buy it.

J. R. COYNE JR.

THE LETTERS OF SIGMUND FREUD AND ARNOLD ZWEIG, *edited by Ernst Freud (Harcourt, 190 pp., $6.95).* Those who admire Freud and tolerate Zweig will like this book. Others will find it trivial. In one of his many lapses of literary judgment Freud permitted himself to encourage the discipleship of Zweig. He puts upon record what we already know: that great men can be tedious in their private lives and display infirmities of taste. While the book is full of references to the work of Zweig and better men, none of these has any critical bearing. We find platitudes scattered amongst good wishes. It might ordinarily be assumed that men living through the decade of Nazism and the experience of emigration might have some shattering insights into political values; there is nothing of the kind. These letters have been exhumed to feed the publishing mills. One further note: the philosophizing about "man" and "the human condition" is on Freud's part a gesture and on Zweig's the bombast of a student trying to make his teacher notice him. There are some comic exchanges on Shakespeare, Zweig trying hard to be polite in the face of Freud's belief in the Earl of Oxford. R. BERMAN

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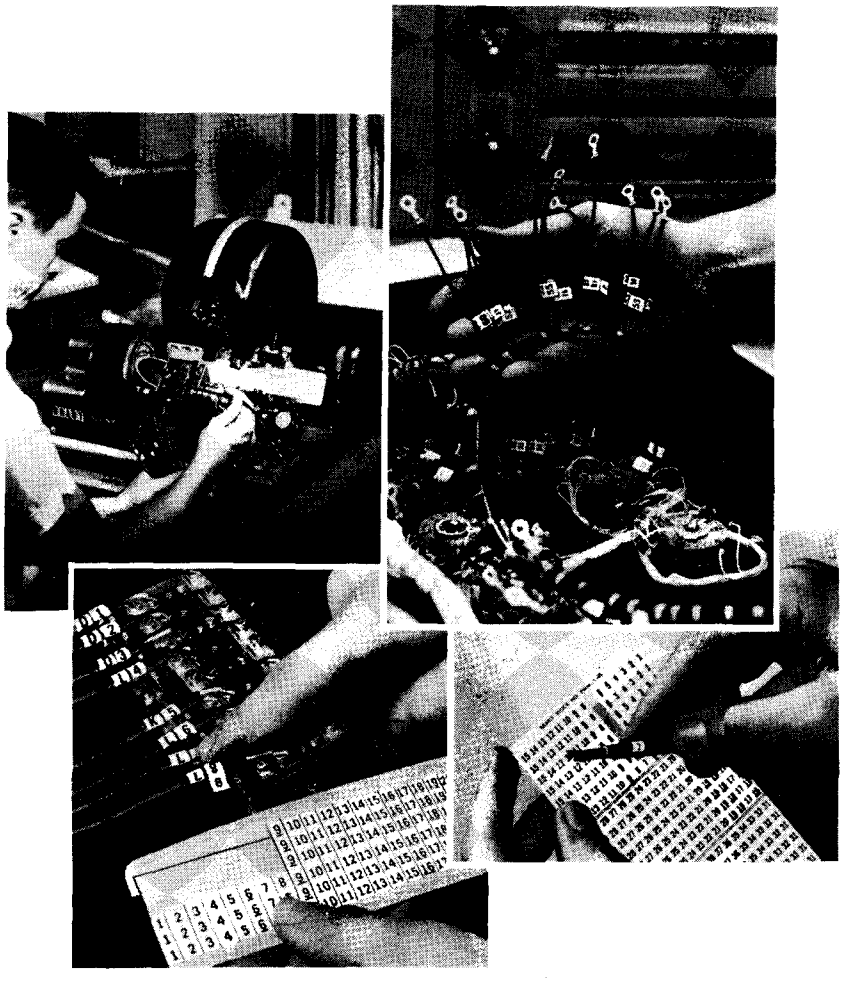

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McSLOY

(Continued from page 681)

blues, reminding us of where we've been, and how good it feels, and how important it still is.

A fellow I know is a jazz guitarist in a progressive jazz band. Strictly a jazz freak. He won't even listen to many of my records, but he buys Iron Butterfly and Al Kooper albums himself. Many classical compositions have been influenced by blues themes (Ravel's "Concerto in G," to name just one), and the trend is much stronger now that rock is here.

Lines of demarcation are blurring. It's hard to say "this is jazz" or "this is rock" anymore without qualifiers galore. Musicians from various disciplines are learning from and being influenced by each other more than ever. "It's all music, just the same," Bob Dylan said some years ago. As usual, it took us a while to see what he was driving at.

Musically, it's an exciting time to be alive. There's a lot of garbage on the market, of course—bubble gum music, fly-by-night promoters trying to cash in. But never before, to my knowledge, has there been a time when so much good music is being written, and when at the same time this music is understood and supported by a substantial segment of the public.

But all this analysis would be meaningless if rock were not deep-down, "feel-good music." Listening to rock gives me joy, exhilaration I find in no other musical form. To me, a day without rock music is like a day without sunshine, cold and bleak. Listening to a song like the Stones' "2000 Light Years from Home" is *really* a trip, drugs have nothing to do with it. You can come along, it's all right there. Just let go. Open up. Beautiful.

If you feel like china breaking
If you feel like laughing
Break China laughing
Break China laughing laughing laughing

If you feel like leaves falling
If you feel like smiling
Fall leaves smiling
Fall leaves smiling smiling smiling

If you feel like love making
If you feel like flying
Make love flying
Make love flying flying flying.

(Marty Balin/Gary Blackman, "If You Feel") □

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HAZLITT

(Continued from page 675)

economy would be much better off in a score of ways if that war could be brought to a satisfactory end; but its relative influence in the 1969-1970 stock market fall has been enormously exaggerated.

So much for the stock market decline up to May 26. The spectacular rise of 32 points on May 27, the greatest one-day advance ever recorded, and its increase to 79 points in the three succeeding trading days, was less reassuring than it might have been. For it was triggered by some disturbing Administration "assurances." Arthur F. Burns, the new Federal Reserve Board chairman, announced that no rigid rules on how rapidly the money supply should be allowed to grow would deter the Federal Reserve from supplying more money in case of any crisis of "liquidity," or if the banks needed cash. This came on top of figures showing that the nation's money supply had been increased in the preceding three months at the remarkably high seasonably adjusted annual rate of 9.2 per cent. Again, "an authoritative Administration official" was quoted as saying that the President did not intend to propose further increases in taxes even if the federal budget deficit reached $5 billion.

In combination, such statements and actions made it look as if there had been a complete turnabout in Mr. Nixon's early promises to balance the budget and halt the inflation. This would be ominous.

What now needs to be done is clear. The inflation must be stopped. Federal spending must be slashed. The budget must be balanced. The stock of money must be held down. There must be no price and wage controls or "guidelines." The one labor measure that does desperately need to be taken is to remove the one-sided legal immunities from labor unions and the one-sided compulsions to "bargain" from employers.

If this course is "politically impossible," then the economic consequences will be ultimately disastrous. □

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EMMET

(Continued from page 679)

home and abroad, of a precipitate U.S. abandonment of our obligations and commitments to the peoples of Southeast Asia. But at least it would be a realistic argument, which faced up to the fact that the Soviet Union is the real enemy and the real architect of nearly all our troubles abroad—from Saigon, to Cairo, to Berlin. In that case the vast majority of non-Communist and anti-Communist Americans would know where we stand and know why we must make continued sacrifices for defense, whether in Vietnam, or elsewhere, in place of our present pacifist and détente illusions.

Far from helping the U.S. in its present confrontation with the Soviets, the Sino-Soviet split gives the USSR an added motive for seeking to supplant the U.S. in Southeast Asia. Like the U.S., and unlike Communist China, the Soviet Union is a naval and air power, capable of taking over the U.S. role of defending the small countries from their traditional enemy, China. At the same time, the Soviets are the Communist allies of the rulers in Hanoi. Therefore, by either keeping us bogged down or forcing us to accept a dishonorable surrender in Vietnam, the Soviets are killing two birds with one stone. Either way they are weakening the U.S. in Europe and the Middle East, as well as Asia.

Frankness about the Soviet policy need not interfere with the SALT talks or other negotiations with the Soviet Union. The Communist leaders have proven to be cold-blooded pragmatists in pursuit of their party and national aims—not temperamental prima donnas sensitive to the "atmosphere." As a matter of fact, the most important successful negotiations we have ever conducted with the Communists were in times of crisis, or at least of cold-war tension—on the Berlin Airlift, the Korean Armistice, the Austrian Peace Treaty and the Test Ban Treaty. It should be remembered that we reached the Test Ban agreement only after President Kennedy threatened to resume U.S. tests in the atmosphere, in answer to the poisonous Soviet atmospheric tests which violated the voluntary test ban agreement. Similarly, we never achieved the Armistice in Korea until President Eisenhower threatened the possible use of nuclear weapons, if the Communists resumed the war. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[DANIEL] WEBSTER:
Letter to [Richard Milford] Blatchford

A government of regulated, restrained, constitutional liberty . . . cannot exist in France . . . for any length of time. . . . Their constitution . . . undertakes to guarantee to all Frenchmen, not only liberty and security, but also, "employment and property." How can any government fulfill such a premise?

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 655)

inclusion of those with ample funds for a subsidy. A subsidy whose malefic distribution diminishes the benefits available to those in demonstrable need.

Naperville, Ill. EDWARD PALMER M.D.

Peace Corps Strikes Back

I just came across your April 21 issue, in which a Mr. John Rothchild (who is he anyhow?) pontificates in a smart-alecky fashion about the Peace Corps. He should check his facts a little better. To wit: No Peace Corps volunteer from Bolivia was terminated from here on the ambassador's request, no Peace Corps Director was sent home over volunteer Moratorium activities. The undersigned was then, and is now, the PC director; he then was, and is now, enjoying his job immensely. It is a joy and a pleasure to work with an extraordinarily fine group of exciting young Americans in this stimulating task of human and economic development.

Oh, it is no big thing; we are not changing the course of history significantly, we have no illusions about that. But we do have volunteers who feel that their work in sheep management, community development, engineering, coffee and cacao crop promotion, tuberculosis control, vocational education, rice and wheat production, music education, etc. is of some value to the people of Bolivia as well as to themselves.

Should Mr. Rothchild still doubt that I am here, I invite him to our Sunday soccer practice at 12,000 feet; it would take some of his excessive wind away from him.

La Paz, Bolivia GINO BAUMANN

Issues and Exceptions

I must take one exception to D. J. C. Brudnoy's brief review of *A Little Commonwealth, Family Life in Plymouth Colony*, by John Demos, in your issue of June 2.

Brudnoy states the book "is a beautifully written study of the life of average people in the first *Puritan* colony."

Beautifully written the book may be, and the Pilgrim colonists were certainly *average* people—but *Puritans* they were *not*! And Plymouth was not a *puritan* colony.

No doubt you will hear from others on this; we Pilgrim descendants are rather touchy on the subject. Only a small amount of research at Plimoth Plantation —a reconstruction of the first street as it was in 1627, three miles south of Plymouth, Mass.—will quickly tell that the Pilgrim passengers from the *Mayflower* were not puritans, nor were their progeny, even when the area plantations merged with the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Naturally, as a descendant, I wish to dispel any puritanical notions about those people, and, during this year's 350th anniversary of their landing, hope you will all join in celebration of the event.

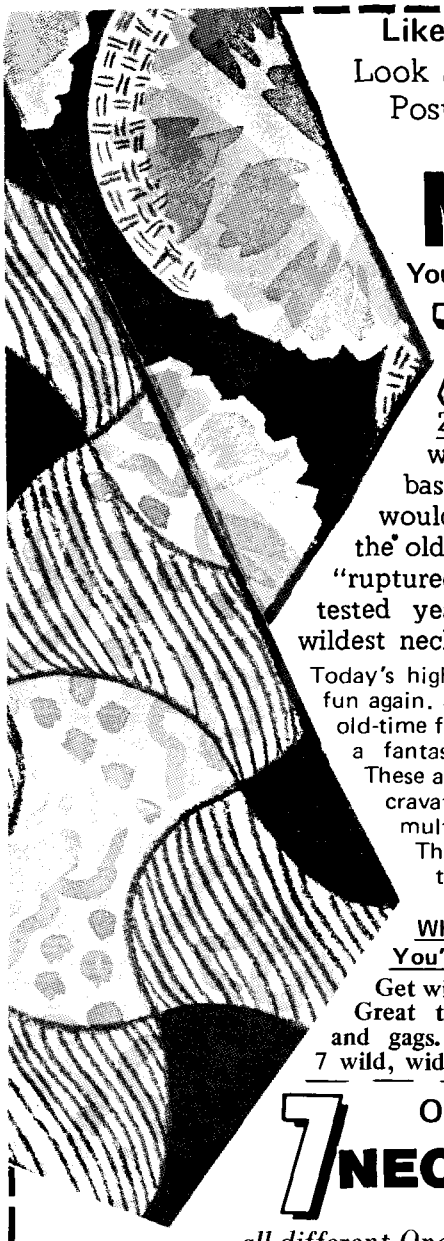
Albany, N.Y. MRS. KATHLEEN M. COWEN

After reading the June 2 issue of *NR* I find it necessary for the first time to take issue with one of your statements.

In the editorial entitled "Powers and Dominations" you stated that this country "has had but five declared wars (including the Civil War)." I hate to disappoint you, but this is not so. Counting the American Revolution we have had eight declared wars.

These are: 1) the American Revolution; 2) the War of 1812, (you do remember Mr. Madison's war); 3) the Mexican War; 4) the War between the States; 5) the Spanish-American War; 6) World War I against the Central Powers; 7) World War II against the Axis Powers; and 8) in 1942 Congress declared war on Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. That makes eight declared wars (including the War for Independence).

Auburn, Ala. DONALD G. DAVIDSON



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Communism Under the Poles

On The Right

Warsaw, June 2—A cosmopolitan observed over a century ago that there is no joy to match that of leaving Russia—however much you may be drawn to it; however resigned you may be to returning there. The sensation endures. It might be argued that in the age of Gogol the sensation was a slur on Mother Russia. In the age of *Pravda*, it is as undeniable as hunger and sex. No man physically or psychically normal can fail to experience the sense of liberation. Even if only to land in Poland.

Poland has simply given up on the matter of achieving any kind of independence as a result of its own exertions. To the west of it is East Germany, still dominated by Ulbricht, the Stalin-lover. Even further away is Czechoslovakia, the light that failed. To the southeast, to be sure, is Rumania, with its extraordinary defiance of Russia (Rumania was the only satellite to dare to denounce the invasion of Czechoslovakia). But Poland, where it sits, hasn't got a chance. There is a fatalistic acceptance here of her national impotence. It was back before the flowering of Napoleon that she became an object for the satisfaction of the polygamous appetites of her neighbors. It was only for a period as brief as the vision of Wilson that she resumed self-government, which she has not seen since Molotov and Ribbentrop met to sign the pact that showed the world, however briefly, how much in common were the worlds of Lenin and the worlds of Hitler.

So, Poland doesn't fool around protesting Soviet foreign policy or any such thing. What does happen in Poland is that a few attempts are made—successfully—at giving Polish citizens an intimation of the kind of life it is possible to live, out from under the shadow of the Soviet Union. No, not free speech. No, not freedom of the press. No, not political freedom. No, not freedom of travel. It is most accurately described as—a freedom to edge toward these things without the certainty of the guillotine; which, if you are certain of it, causes you spontaneously to repress whatever impulse you feel toward self-expression.

In Poland, you can travel about the country more freely than in the Soviet Union. By the way, Poles find it easier to get permission to travel—to be sure, on professional business—to America, than to travel to the Soviet Union. In Poland you can talk not only to intellectuals but to Party functionaries, on the implicit understanding that you both revile the Communist system; and not even protocol is breached. The anti-Soviet cultural impulse is altogether unrestrained. "Did you know," a worldly Pole who works for the government asked me, "what was the most important historical event of 1875?" I fumbled in the careless historical notebooks of my mind, temporarily forgetting how greatly the Lenin-idolatry had cloyed —"Why," he said wickedly, "Lenin was five years old."

A closer observer in Warsaw puts it this way. The most convenient way of classifying the Poles, he says, is in four categories. One, the utterly convinced Communist. Two, the willing—the happy —whore. Three, the unwilling—the unhappy—whore. Four, the true opponent. Poland is run by a very few Ones, a lot of Twos, and a great number of Threes. The Fours are there, but they have no influence, except in their tight little circles, and such power as they have they do not, obviously, elect to display. So that what you have in Poland is a government for which the Soviet Union makes every decision as regards foreign policy, which does not countenance any expression of corporate resistance; but which finds it inexpedient to crack down, in the way that the Soviet Union would crack down with gusto, on certain manifestations of intellectual mobility.

FOR INSTANCE, you have the Church. It flourishes. The pressures are of course there, but so were they there when the king executed St. Stanislaus in the eleventh century. A few journals are tolerated, for instance a highbrow Catholic journal, which although it doesn't criticize the oligarchy, nevertheless laughs, covertly, at the ideological pretensions of Communism, which only the Number Ones take seriously. The Number Twos keep their eyes open for signs of excessive exuberance among the Number Threes, but on the whole they let things go, and letting things go means that students can talk frankly to each other without fearing a Soviet axe, that tourists can talk to Poles without risking their eternal stigmatization; that a visitor can open his window in the morning and feel that he knows now, with certitude, what is the difference between Purgatory and Hell. □

TITO THE ELDER

Belgrade, June 4—The government official, whose spoken English is better than most American professors', explained excitedly what is happening in Yugoslavia—the trends toward political and economic decentralization, toward intellectual (if not political) freedom, the nervous elation of national independence. His enthusiasm was altogether genuine. "Of course," he said, "I have to admit that there *is* opposition to our program." What kind of opposition? I asked. "Well," he said, "there is opposition from the statists who think that our departure from Stalinism is wrong; and there is also opposition from those who think that we are not moving fast enough in the direction we're going." I leaned forward in the chair and asked excitedly: "Which of the oppositions would you classify as your left wing, which as your right wing?" "Why," he said thoughtfully, "the statists—the Stalinists—are our right wing, and the impatient are our left wing."

I find that a fascinating commentary on the extraordinary thing that is happening in Yugoslavia. The ruling class, under what is now an avuncular Tito (as distinguished from the Tito who not so long ago used to like to tell the lightning-bugs when to shine), is discovering the extraordinary benefits of economic and bureaucratic freedom. Agriculture is largely decollectivized; the six constituent republics exercise real power; scientific knowledge circulates freely; the frontiers are open; only 20 per cent of the GNP is appropriated by all the governments combined. The result is that the standard of living has soared.

But it is very untactful, in Yugoslavia, to press upon the exuberant managers the formal point that what they are slowly doing is discovering the extraordinary uses of the free market. There isn't, really, anything much to be gained from such ideological I-told-you-so-ism. The Titoists refer to their system as "socialist" at every opportunity. So what? Moreover, it is evidence of their terminological integrity

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that they should think of the Stalinists in their midst as representing the "right" wing, while on their left—those who urge even greater economic and political freedoms: i.e., those who in America would be thought of as Goldwater conservatives—are their left wing.

It is important, in Yugoslavia, to understand two things. One of them is that Tito greatly desires to go down in history as having midwifed a brand new social form or, if you like, synthesis. He desires his name to become an eponym: for a dreamy social arrangement which is on the one hand wonderfully productive economically, free intellectually, and yet socially cohesive. He was for years a most fundamentalist member of the Communist apparatus, and he cannot stand, in his later years, to abandon the old liturgy, never mind that what is going on in Yugoslavia is as far removed from what goes on in the Soviet Union as Hong Kong is removed from Peking. "We are halfway toward where we want to go," the seasoned and enthusiastic editor of the Party journal—*Kommunist*—told me. "Where do you see yourself as having arrived after you have completed the journey?" I asked. "It is a never-ending journey," he said. "In that case, you haven't come halfway," I ventured primly; he agreed, a formalistic concession. I did not tell him that the ideas he had just elaborated would have qualified him, in America, to serve as editor of *U.S. News & World Report*.

Yugoslavia was a revelation to me. It might not survive, to be sure. The insiders tell you that if the Soviet Union decided finally to move, the Red army would occupy Belgrade after a weekend's work: though to be sure after that, the war against Yugoslav guerrillas would be at least as expensive as the Nazis'. Historically, one cannot forgive Tito the blood he spilled, in behalf of a vision so fanatical, and so useless. But the point surely is that unlike the elderly Stalin, or Mao, he is not now exhibiting what Professor Wittfogel described as "the megalomania of the aging despot." It is as seemly to be enthusiastic over the contemporary Tito as it was to be enthusiastic over the Dubcek of 1968. You have only to travel from Russia to Yugoslavia to rejoice at what you see happening, and to admit most happily, that however defective the reasoning of the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations might in fact have been, in fact it is, providentially, paying off. It may be that we do not deserve a significant part of the credit, but it is absolutely, unquestionably true, that America's policy of encouraging Titoism in Yugoslavia (if you rule out the liberationist alternatives that were available to us after the war), has served us. Served us, as beneficiaries of an East European showcase of the relative advantages of relative freedom—a fox in the bosom of Soviet ideology. And, above all, served the Yugoslavs, who look with pity and scorn at the hideousness of those who are condemned to continue to live according to the gospel of Lenin and Stalin. □

THE NEW PROTESTERS

New York, June 12 —If I were a militant, I would slit my throat. Peacefully, to be sure. A month after launching the Cambodian operation, Mr. Nixon's popularity, according to Dr. Gallup, has actually risen—up to an astounding 59 per cent, or almost exactly double the count of those who oppose him. It is, moreover, the finding of Dr. Gallup that the increase in Mr. Nixon's popularity is substantially the result of the freneticism in the colleges. I.e., if there is a law to be constructed out of it all, it would appear to be this, that the more severely you protest, the less headway you make. Not a very reassuring datum for the democratic ego, but there it is.

It makes one wonder about the purposive intelligence of many of our protesters. The words are carefully selected, so as not to impute unintelligence to them. Because they include, of course, some of the brightest people in America. But here is an example. I know a most brilliant young man, an accomplished scholar and journalist, who has been rather quiet on the Vietnam issue for several years, but who resolved after the Cambodian venture and the subsequent events at Kent State, to more or less drop his reserve and engage in the fight to "stop Nixon" (as he puts it) at all costs. Instantly, he cranked up a campaign which among other things called for ostracizing those in the Nixon camp who should know better, that is to say the men of intellectual breeding. He selected, for public assault, Henry Kissinger and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Kissinger, he observed, will not be welcomed back in the academy. And neither "should" Moynihan be welcomed back unless he quits the Nixon Administration. My scholarly friend suggests that instead of a dialogue with Moynihan, he should be treated, wherever he goes—whether by students or by faculty—with the single objurgation, "resign!"

I pause now not to dispute the ethics or the strategic implications of the notion that those who lend their services to the Nixon Administration should be consigned to permanent Coventry (to be sure, they would under the public philosophy of my friend qualify for monthly welfare payments, no questions asked); but on the tactics of it. A few days after my friend's advice was published in New York City, Daniel Patrick Moynihan appeared at Fordham University to give the commencement address and to receive an honorary degree. He began with a crack about the dangers of a Democrat like himself working for a Republican Administration. There were isolated boos, and 53 graduating students got up and walked ostentatiously out of the auditorium. Fifty three out of a crowd of about six thousand. The balance of the audience gave Mr. Moynihan a sustained one minute ovation, and sixty seconds (try it) is a very long time to clap.

One wonders at the tactics of the protesters. Why do they infuriate rather than reason, if indeed the record shows that the closer they come to sounding like Jerry Rubin, the further away they will drive their audience? Granted they have working for them the zeitgeist. There is true opposition to the war in America, and the consequences of that opposition will not be apparent for quite a while; say, when next we try to stabilize a sticky international situation, in Berlin, or the Near East, or whatever. But the intentions of the opponents of the war seem to be to put maximum pressure on Nixon et al. abruptly to pull out of Asia, and the tactics are not working, as witness the lapidary finding of Dr. Gallup. That being the case, one wonders that they continue to behave as they do.

Or are we coming to the kernel of the question? Could it be that there is in the picture a strong streak of psychological masochism? That is to say, that the student militants begin by insisting that we live in a society totalitarianized by the military-industrial complex, against whose machinations we are all helpless; and then proceed with forms of activity that seek to substantiate their thesis? Rather like the students who approach the dean with a list of unnegotiable demands in order to prove how unreasonable the dean is. And now, as we begin to see a little light at the end of the tunnel in Cambodia, isn't it likely that the frustrations of the dissenters will increase rather than decrease? That is to say, as they are proved wrong, if indeed that is the grateful surprise that history has in store for us, won't they get even angrier at Nixon for proving them wrong? Like the bitter-ender whose faith is based on the utter social irreconcilability of the races, growing old with bitterness at his grandchildren's genial relations with other races? When one speaks about good-humored opposition, one speaks about something more than the disposition to be grateful when one loses, or is caught up in error. It has to do with an essential philosophical composure, with the true process of socialization: and, of course, with participatory democracy as a meaningful experience. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Another term for the Ten Commandments — 10 83 125 144 36 14 111 33 59 130 / 148 217 99 188

B. A kitchen utensil — 24 218 29 16 145 210 159 165 119

C. Originally there was only one of him, but his tribe has increased — 200 98 223 224 213 212 201 190 63

D. What the author of the quote is now — 53 28 37 23 45 48 86 128 133 140 / 151 81 157 166 170 180 198

E. What the Second Commandment forbids —pay attention, politicians! — 61 132 142 193 131 54 32 69 93 169 / 1 146

F. This keeps parents off the streets — 74 8 195 76 101 107 18 58 85 117 / 127 136

G. The quote's author never suffered from this — 100 184 149 50 110 208 72

H. Chimney corner — 147 27 89 104 203 115 52 214 175

I. A *city in Colorado* — 2 31 202 5 46 77

J. The quote author's onetime boss (his *namesake was and is* hated by certain people) — 189 6 179 103 167 183 55 102

K. The use of these enabled hit batsmen to reach first base in two recent World Series — 91 60 42 71 12 57 155 134 186 199 / 94

L. A club with which the quote's author played; he led a minor league in hitting while there — 25 73 39 96 118 121 178 187 19 87 / 109

M. Unscramble AYE to get the same meaning — 172 162 114

N. *Solanum mammosum, Solanum torvum,* or *Cordia collococca* — 173 215 122 78 95 225 143 150 43 156 / 192

O. Unscramble ETATS UNIS, TED to get *country served in two* wars by quote's author — 68 84 90 97 15 141 21 22 26 34 / 38 62

P. Part of a sail — 204 176 207 153

Q. The motto of Scotland — 211 30 3 174 80 92 158 82 138 181 / 191 194 216 40 66 79 106 / 120 197 49

R. The fighting of two or more persons, in a *public place,* to the terror of others — 20 154 185 171 116 206

S. A book by Jerome K. Jerome — 220 35 161 56 64 113 123 164 222 9 / 17 112 47 124 129

T. What the quote's author was for a long time — 4 11 44 135 126 182 209 219 221 70 / 105 137

U. A city in Polk County, Iowa — 13 51 7 177 88 205

V. This can be used for measuring short distances — 41 65 67 196 152 163 168 108 160 75 / 139

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary,* Second Edition.

See page 694 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

	1 E		2 I	3 Q		4 T	5 I	6 J	7 U		8 F	9 S	10 A	11 T		12 K	13 U	14 A	15 O
16 B	17 S	18 F	19 L		20 R	21 O		22 O	23 D	24 B		25 L	26 O	27 H	28 D	29 B	30 Q	31 I	
32 E	33 A		34 O	35 S	36 A		37 D	38 O	39 L	40 Q	41 V	42 K	43 N	44 T		45 D		46 I	47 S
48 D	49 Q		50 G	51 U	52 H	53 D		54 E	55 J	56 S	57 K	58 F		59 A	60 K	61 E	62 O		63 C
64 S	65 V		66 Q	67 V	68 O	69 E	70 T	71 K		72 G	73 L	74 F	75 V		76 F	77 I	78 N	79 Q	
80 Q	81 D		82 Q	83 A	84 O	85 F	86 D	87 L	88 U	89 R		90 O	91 K		92 Q	93 E	94 K	95 N	96 L
97 O	98 C	99 A	100G	101F	102J		103J		104H	105T	106Q	107F	108V	109L		110G	111A	112S	
113S	114M	115H	116R	117F	118L	119B	120Q		121L	122N	123S		124S	125A	126T	127F	128D		129S
130A	131E		132E	133D	134K	135T		136P	137T	138Q	139V	140D	141O	142E	143N	144A	145B		146E
147H	148A	149G	150N	151D		152V	153P		154R	155K	156N	157D	158Q	159B	160V	161S	162M		163V
164S		165B	166D	167J	168V	169E		170D	171R	172M		173N	174Q		175H	176P	177U	178L	
179J	180D	181Q	182T	183J		184G	185R		186K	187L	188A		189J	190C	191Q	192N		193E	194Q
195F		196V	197Q	198D	199K	200C		201C	202I	203H	204P	205U		206R	207P	208G	209T		210B
211Q	212C		213C	214H	215N	216Q	217A		218B	219T	220S		221T	222S	223C	224C	225N		

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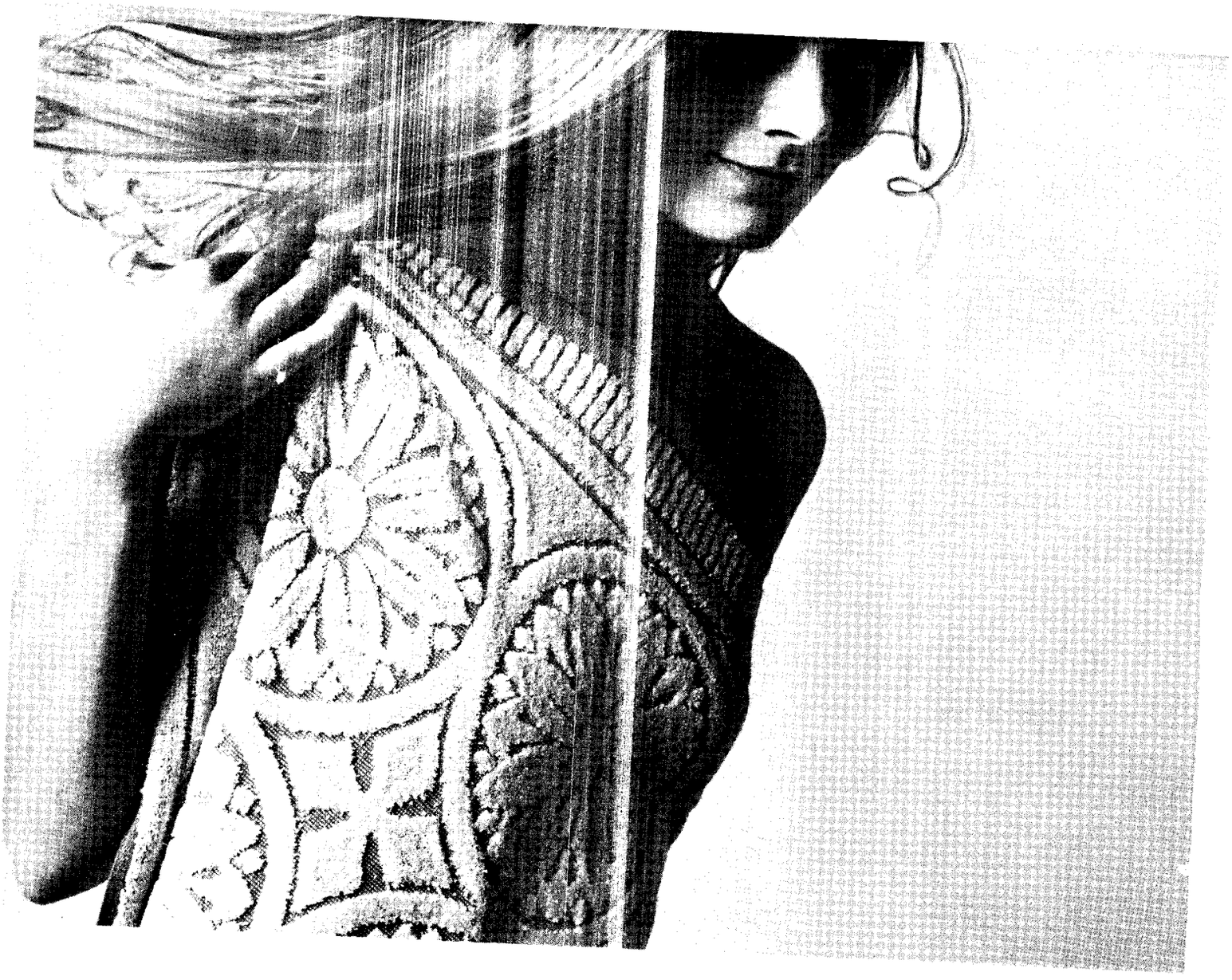

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